POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

HELEN M'DOUGAL POURING WHISKEY DOWN THE VICTIM'S THROAT.

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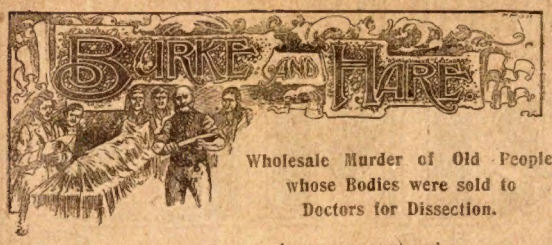


Wholesale Murder of Old People whose Bodies were sold to Doctors for Dissection.

"If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Macbeth," Act iii., Sc. 4.

PART II.

TOWARDS the middle of the autumn Ann M'Dougal, a cousin of Helen, came to visit Burke and his mistress at Broggan's house, in Weaver's Close. Possibly she came of her own accord, but it is much more probable that Burke definitely invited her so that she might be sacrificed instead of Helen. For a day or two she was allowed to run about the town and have a sight of the beauties of Edinburgh, and then came the day when she was plied with whiskey until she was incapable. Burke had some small scruples against being the first to attack this spurious relative of his, and begged Hare to make a start, promising to assist him as soon as it might be necessary. Hare, nothing loth, seized the poor girl by the nose and covered her mouth with his hand, and then Burke flung himself on her body to prevent any struggling. Helen M'Dougal waited in the adjoining room while her cousin was being murdered.

For the better transport of "goods," the porter at Surgeon's Square gave Burke a new trunk, and Ann was the first to be carried in it. Broggan came home while the new box with its contents was standing at the top of the stairs and made inquiries as to it, for he knew that Burke did not possess such an article. Hare immediately called the landlord into the sitting-room and pressed him to have some spirits to keep him quiet for a time, while the couple took the trunk to Dr. Knox. Out of the money received Broggan was given three pounds with which to pay his rent, and advised to go for a short visit out of Edinburgh. The man was suspicious, but he took the money and left for the country without paying the rent, thus making Hare, who was security for it, liable.

One of the recognised characters of the Scotch metropolis was "Daft Jamie," a half-witted lad who lived on general charity. One would have thought, therefore, that the lad was perfectly safe from the designs of the murderous crew. But it was not so. One day in the fall of the year Jamie was hunting for his mother, whom he had not seen for several weeks, when he met Mrs. Hare, who told him that she could take him to her at once. Jamie was delighted, and started off for Tanner's Close in the company of his benefactress. Hare was at home and received the daft youth kindly, telling him to sit down and have a glass while he waited for his parent to return from the small shopping expedition on which she had gone.

Meanwhile Mrs. Hare went out to find Burke, and met him at a grocer's shop near by. She asked him to stand her a dram, and he did so, but while she was drinking it she pressed his foot with hers, and he knew at once what he was wanted for. Accordingly he followed her home and found "Daft Jamie" sitting on the edge of Hare's bed, drinking whiskey out of a cup. Hare exclaimed that Burke had come too late, for the spirit was all gone, but that was soon rectified by the purchase of another bottle, on the contents of which Jamie was regaled.

Before long the alcohol began to take effect on the weak brain of the half-witted lad, and he was coaxed into the back room, where he lay on the bed in a semi-unconscious condition. Mrs. Hare well knew that she would be in the way, so she went out, locking the door behind her and pushing the key under it through the crack, so that the occupants might get out when they had done their fearful work.

For some time the pair watched the youth, waiting for the first instant that it would be safe to attack him. They seemed to know that this victim would not die as easily as his predecessors, and were anxious to make everything doubly sure before they commenced operations. At last Burke grew impatient and flung himself on Jamie, but the lad's natural instinct was roused in a moment, and he threw off his assailant. Hare stood looking on at the struggle, but rendering no assistance, and it was only when Burke threatened to "put a knife into him" if he did not lend his aid that Hare joined his colleague in the fray. Jamie at once made a dash for Burke and had nearly overcome him, when Hare tripped him up and he fell heavily on the floor. Burke immediately sat on his face, and was badly bitten by the lunatic, while Hare helped to hold the victim down. Jamie took a long time dying, and Burke and Hare were anxious for a good while, fearing that he might come to life again. He was, however, effectually slain, and his murderers stripped him and packed him in the trunk, in which he was carried to the anatomy school.

In this case the ghouls made a mistake. On all

Burke immediately sat on his face.

previous occasions they had made a point of destroying the clothing of the victims to prevent detection, but some of Jamie's garments they kept and gave to Burke's cousins. Much feeling was subsequently roused against the students and doctors. Jamie was missed almost as soon as he was slain, and anxious search was made for him. This the medicos knew, and, though many of them recognised the remains lying on the table, such was their apathy that they never informed the police. Indeed, it is more than probable that they knew that the popular beggar had met with a violent death, for the evidences of the struggle which preceded the murder must have attracted the attention of any anatomist. Later, when the villainies of the butchers became known, more account was set on the doing to death of "Daft Jamie" than on the killing of any other victim.

After this crime Burke and Hare meditated an extension of business, and it was seriously proposed that they should open a branch establishment in Ireland, from where Burke was to forward corpses to Hare, who undertook to dispose of them to the best advantage. Burke wanted an assistant to help him, and he admitted that he had made all arrangements with "another man," who was to become a partner in the firm. The precise identity of this other individual has never been established, but it is

far from improbable that it was Paterson, the porter at the anatomy rooms, with whom the miscreants had done so much business.

They also entered into a definite contract with Dr. Knox. They were to supply as many bodies as they could, and were to receive remuneration at the rate of eight pounds per subject in summer and two pounds extra in winter. The difference in the price was made on account of the greater value of bodies for dissection at the period of the year when they keep best.

But these carefully-matured plans were to fall to the ground. On the last day of October, 1828, Burke went to Rhymer's grocery stores, at the mouth of the close where he lived, and, while chatting there to the shopboy, an old Irish woman entered to ask for alms. Ever keen on his business, Burke got into conversation with her, and found out that she was called Mary Campbell, or Dooherty, and came from a remote part of the sister isle. To further his purpose he at once declared that she must be a relation of his, since his mother was a Dooherty, and nothing that he had discovered in Mrs. Dooherty a relation of his mother's and that naturally it would never do for her to seek hospitality under any roof but his own. Therefore he begged that his lodger would not object to moving for a day or two; of course, at Burke's expense. Gray was most kind, and agreed to take rooms, or beds, for himself and wife at Hare's establishment for a few nights, giving up his quarters to Burke's relative.

That little matter being satisfactorily arranged, the fun could begin. Mrs. Hare was invited to be one of the party, and a splendid supper was set before the poor old Irishwoman who was thanking her stars that she had found such wealthy relatives. From time to time visits were paid to the houses of the neighbours, and the revelry was fast and furious. Dancing was commenced, but when Mary Campbell hurt her ankle trying a jig they abandoned that form of amusement, and reverted to drinking.

Towards midnight the neighbours heard a great disturbance in Burke's house, and, looking through the key-hole, saw Helen M'Dougal pouring whiskey down the

TURNING OVER THE STRAW SHE FOUND THE ARM OF A DEAD WOMAN.

would satisfy him but that the old woman should come home and have breakfast with him; he vowing that he should feel for ever disgraced if he was not allowed to offer the hospitality of his roof to his mother's kinswoman.

Back to the house the couple went, and Helen M'Dougal made Mary Campbell very welcome. An excellent breakfast was served, but the old Irishwoman was a virtuous Catholic, and, since it was Friday, would not touch a morsel till after noon. That rather upset Burke's calculations, nevertheless he put up with it and went out in search of Hare, to whom he told he had a "good shot for the doctors" round at his place.

Hare knew perfectly well what a "good shot" meant, and professed himself as ready to go and assist in the tragedy. The two accomplices walked back to Burke's house and found that the woman had finished her meal and was trying to show her gratitude by tidying up the establishment, with the assistance of Helen M'Dougal. That being so, Burke went out for a further supply of provisions to grace the death feast that night.

For a week there had been lodging in Burke's house an old army pensioner, named Gray, and his wife. It was obvious that before anything like business could be done these two must be got out of the house, and Burke was not long in finding an expedient to effect this. He told Gray

throat of her guest. Later on Burke and Hare fell out and the argument had to be settled by blows. Mary Campbell was then thoroughly tipsy, and when she saw the two men commence fighting she attempted to intervene. In doing so she was knocked over a stool by Hare, whether by accident or design it is not known, and fell heavily on the floor, from which she was unable to rise. Seeing that the time of sacrifice had come, the other women left the room, leaving the victim in the hands of the men, who instantly fell upon the prostrate woman. The customary method was used, but Burke made the fatal mistake of grasping Mary by the throat to prevent her from screaming, and the marks of his fingers remained on the flesh after the life had fled.

No time was lost in undressing the body, which was then doubled up, the knees being bound to the arms, and it was bundled under the bed, among some straw. Late as it was—between eleven and twelve—Burke went off and fetched Paterson, Dr. Knox's porter, and showed him the subject which he was about to bring to the rooms on the following evening. Paterson noticed that the body was still warm, but knew that he would lose his perquisites if he said anything. Then the party continued their debauch, and at last fell asleep on the floor beside the murdered woman.

At breakfast time the next morning Burke went round to Hare's house to inquire how the Grays had slept, and invited them to come and have breakfast with him. They were only too pleased, for there did not seem much prospect of getting anything to eat in Tanner's Close.

Almost the first question that the Grays asked was what had become of "the little old woman," and M'Dougal explained that while in liquor she had become very abusive and that Burke had been compelled to turn her out of the house.

The meal finished, Mrs. Gray began to dress a child that was there, and, being unable to find one of its stockings, went into the corner of the room where the bed was to look for it. Burke called to her to come away, which she did. Later on she had occasion to look be-

Noticed some hair hanging from the box.

neath the bed to find some potatoes, and Burke again stopped her from examining that portion of the apartment. All this, together with her host's curious behaviour, for he was throwing whiskey about the place, made her a little suspicious. Shortly after breakfast Burke went out, telling a friend of his to sit by the heap of straw till he returned. The friend did not do so, and Mrs. Gray then decided to see why that quarter of the room was not to be approached. On turning over the straw she found the arm of a dead woman, and at once called for her husband. He came, and, removing the covering, saw that the corpse was that of the Irishwoman for whose benefit he had vacated the rooms. Telling his wife to collect all their goods at once so that they might fly from the scene of so shocking a tragedy, he left the place. On the stairs he met Helen M'Dougal and asked her what she had upstairs. At first she professed ignorance, but when he told her that he knew well enough what was there and had no doubt that she also knew, she said that Mary Dooherty had died from an overdose of drink, and that she had been put in the corner till a fitting time came for her to be buried.

Finding that Gray would not believe that, she tried another line of argument, and told him that if he would say nothing about the matter he would receive at least ten pounds a week for the rest of his life. Gray, as an old soldier, had his own ideas of right and wrong, and flatly refused to have anything to do with the woman, telling her that he felt bound to inform the police. Outside he and his wife were met by Mrs. Hare, to whom Helen M'Dougal mentioned the discovery, and the pair of harridans coaxed the departing lodgers into a public-house, and there used every endeavour to get them to promise to say nothing about what they had seen. Gray, however, was obdurate, and stuck to his statement that he would have to consult the police. The old pensioner then left the tavern and went off to the constabulary office.

While this was taking place Burke and Hare were making arrangements for the proper transport of the corpse. They found that they could not get a box at Surgeon's Square, and had to wait till the evening to purchase another tea-chest at a grocery shop. From their deliberate action it is clear that they did not know of the discovery that Gray had made. They forced the body into the chest and roped it down, and then fetched a porter to carry the case to Dr. Knox. The porter noticed some long hair hanging out of the box and, guessing what his package contained, tucked it in as best he could, and went off, making no remark.

Without a hitch the body was brought to the dissecting-rooms and placed in the cellar. Five pounds was paid over in part payment and the remaining five was to be delivered on the following Monday morning, when the professor had had time to inspect his purchase.

All the way to Surgeon's Square the women had followed Burke and Hare without having an opportunity of telling them of the turn affairs had taken, but, after the first half of the spoil had been received, they were able to approach their masters and break the news. Burke thought lightly of it, and so did his accomplice, though the latter had made up his mind as to the course he was going to take if the report was true.

Gray, as he had promised, went to the police-station, and found that there was no one there capable of acting on his information. He had, therefore, to wait till the chief, Sergeant-Major Fisher, came in, which was not till late at night. At first Fisher regarded the matter as a spiteful charge brought by a discontented lodger against his landlord; nevertheless he went to Burke's house, accompanied by Gray and a constable named Finlay. There they found Burke and his paramour. The former was asked what had become of Mary Campbell, and he said that she had gone away at seven o'clock that morning. M'Dougal when questioned declared that she had gone at the same hour on the previous evening. The discrepancy was enough for the sergeant-major, and he arrested them both, believing at the time that he was only playing into the hands of Gray.

A subsequent search of the room, however, showed blood-marks on the bedclothes and revealed the clothes that the poor old soul had worn at the time of her murder.

Next day, Sunday, a visit was paid to Surgeon's Square, where the body was found packed in the chest. After this it was thought advisable to arrest Hare and his wife, which was accordingly done, and then the affair was made public. It then became a race between Burke and Hare as to which could implicate his partner most so as to escape himself.

Burke's story was very feeble. He said that on the Friday morning he was mending some boots, when a stranger came in and asked him to put a patch on one of his shoes for him. While the repair was being done he said that he wanted to leave a box there till later in the day, and Burke heard him turning over the straw, but, being intent on his work, did not look round to see what he was doing. When the stranger had departed Burke examined the straw and saw in it a body, but did not know if it was of a man or woman. That evening the stranger, whom he identified as Hare, returned, and when upbraided for leaving a corpse in the house, said that it was essential that it should remain there till the following night. Burke agreed, and at six o'clock on the Saturday the body was taken to Surgeon's Square, and Burke received £2 10s. for storage. Mrs. Dooherty, he vowed, was with him from breakfast-time on the Saturday till three on that afternoon, when she went out to beg some provisions for herself, and had not been seen since. When

he had heard that the police wanted to search his room he went out immediately to find a constable, and was met in the passage by Finlay and Fisher.

Helen M'Dougal also made a statement before the sheriff which differed widely from Burke's. She was too cunning to mix up the transactions of Friday with those of Saturday, and declared that it was on Friday afternoon Mary Dooherty, or Campbell. She had crept in among the straw, he said, while he and Hare were fighting, and had probably suffocated herself by accident. Hare had found the body, and they had then proposed to sell it to the surgeons, as it would have been a needless expense to have it buried. In this second statement he also corrected the mistake in the dates which he had given previously.

THE EXECUTION OF WILLIAM BURKE.

From an old Engraving.

that the old woman had left the house and gone out to look for her son. She knew nothing about a body being in the house, and was certain that the corpse found at Surgeon's Square was not Mary Dooherty.

The papers of the day took the matter up and the public mind was greatly agitated. Every morning appeared accounts of other persons who were missing until the list was a lengthy one.

A week after his first declaration Burke made a second one, in which he admitted that the body was that of

This was all very well, but there was no actual proof which could serve to convict any of the prisoners. Hare did not know this, and when he was approached by the prosecution to ascertain if he was willing to assist the course of justice by turning King's evidence, he willingly accepted this method of saving his neck, on condition that his wife was to be allowed to share the benefit with him. To this condition the Crown had, perforce, to agree, since Hare could not have given evidence against his spouse. Then Helen M'Dougal and William Burke were

committed for trial on December 24, before the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh.

The indictment was a lengthy document which charged the two prisoners with having committed three murders, namely, those of Mary Paterson, James Wilson, or Daft Jamie, and Mary Docherty or Campbell. This indictment led to the first point in the favour of Burke. When called upon to plead, his counsel took exception to the charges as laid on the ground that he was charged with three separate offences and in company with another prisoner who was not supposed to be concerned in two of the alleged murders. A similar plea was put in on behalf of Helen M'Dougal, on whose behalf it was urged that it was very unfair to her that she should be included in the same indictment with a man who was charged with three murders, while she was only said to have taken part in one of them.

The discussion of these points took some little time, and then it was decided that the charge of murdering Mary Campbell should alone be proceeded with, and a jury of fifteen were empanelled to try the case. As is usual in Scotland, the witnesses were called before either of the counsel had made speeches to the jury. These witnesses gave an account of the proceedings on the fatal Friday night, just as we now know them. Of course, the evidence of Hare alone was sufficient to establish the guilt of Burke, but there was nothing to show that Helen M'Dougal was cognisant of the bloody transactions of that evening. Prior to Hare's evidence being heard the Lord Justice Clerk was informed that he could never afterwards be called to account for the share which he had in the murder concerning which he was called to speak.

The only evidence offered for the defence was the two declarations made by the prisoners. These were read, and the Lord Advocate, who was in charge of the case for the Crown, addressed the jury. He laid great stress on the danger which it would be to the country if any mercy were shown to persons who committed murder for the sake of gaining a few paltry pounds, and reviewed the whole of the circumstances which made it possible for the prisoners to dispose of bodies to the surgeons. Hare, he declared, was a perfectly credible witness, though he deplored the necessity which compelled him to make use of the testimony of one of the gang to secure punishment for the other members.

For Burke, the Dean of Faculty appeared and made a laboured speech in which he attempted to make the jury believe that Hare was the real author of all the diabolical crimes which had undoubtedly taken place, and said that it was clear that the informer was only trying to add Burke and M'Dougal to his list of slain. He begged the jury not to allow themselves to be carried away by prejudice against the prisoner because he had occasionally supplied bodies to the students for the purpose of dissection, since, however much persons might object to the dismemberment of a dead body, it was necessary for those who sought to practise the healing art to have an accurate knowledge of the human frame, such as could only be acquired in the anatomy room.

For M'Dougal it was declared that Hare was totally untrustworthy, and that his evidence should be disregarded. The oath which they had taken to tell the truth was of little account to people of such calibre as Mr. and Mrs. Hare, and the prosecution should have brought forward stronger evidence if a conviction was to be obtained.

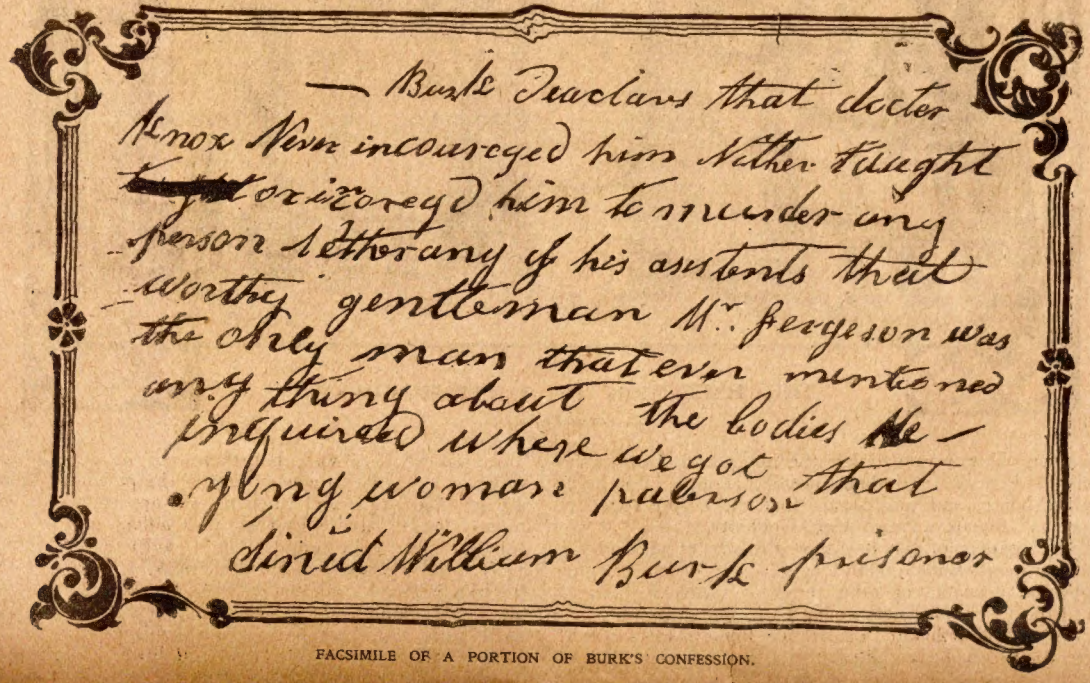
As soon as the addresses of the counsel were finished, the Lord Justice Clerk commenced to sum up. He went carefully through the whole of the evidence, pointing out what discrepancies there were and emphasising many items which might have escaped the attention of the jury. It was half-past eight on Christmas morning when the learned judge concluded his charge and the fifteen Edinburgh citizens retired to consider their verdict, having sat continuously in the box since ten o'clock on the previous day.

Fifty minutes sufficed for them to come to a decision, and they returned into the court-room. Then the foreman read the following finding:

"The jury find the panel, William Burke, guilty of the third charge of the indictment, and find the indictment not proven against the panel, Helen M'Dougal."

This verdict was quite in accord with the feelings of the spectators, who applauded vigorously until silenced by the ushers. Then the Lord Justice Clerk declared that he agreed with the jury, and thanked them for their services.

As is customary in trials before the High Court of Justiciary in Scotland, the junior judge present was next called upon to propose sentence. This Lord Meadowbank did very impressively. He made a résumé of the


— Burke Declares that doctor
Knox Never incouraged him Nather Ever
[redacted] or incoraged him to murder any
person Nether any of his assents Ever
the only man that ever mentioned
any thing about the bodies He —
ybng woman's parents that
Sined William Burke prisoner

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF BURK'S CONFESSION.

entire case, and, after praising the able speeches of the defending counsel, proposed that William Burke should be detained in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh until the 28th day of January, and then suffer death on a gibbet by the hands of the common executioner, and his body thereafter be given for dissection.

The Lord Justice Clerk assumed the black cap and proceeded to pass sentence. He assured Burke that there was not the slightest chance of the punishment being modified and entreated him to spend the few days which yet remained to him on this earth in making his peace with Heaven. He said that the judges had been divided on the question as to whether, after execution, the murderer's body should be hung in chains as a warning to the public, but had decided that such an exhibition would be revolting, and, therefore, they would only order him to be

MRS. McDOUGAL HAD SEVERAL NARROW ESCAPES FROM THE MOB.

publicly dissected; at the same time he hoped that if it was ever customary for skeletons to be preserved, the bones of Burke might not find a resting place in the grave, but be kept as a perpetual remembrance of his atrocious crimes. He then pronounced the doom to die and recorded it in the annals of the court.

Burke had expected his sentence and stood firmly while the awful words were uttered. When the verdict was given he turned to Helen, and said, "You are well out of this scrape, Nellie," and then rose to hear the punishment to be meted out to himself.

When Burke was taken from the dock, the Lord Justice Clerk addressed M'Dougal. He said that she had not been proved Not Guilty, but only the charges against her had not been fully established. She knew best whether she had taken any part in the horrid murders of which her companion had been found guilty. He then directed that she should be set at liberty.

For the first few days after his condemnation Burke was very much agitated, and not entirely in his right mind. Then he became calmer, and paid great attention to the ministrations of the priests and ministers of religion, who were unwearying in their attention to him. Before he went to his doom he made two confessions of his many murders, from which the particulars in this narrative are principally drawn.

On the 27th of January, Burke was taken privately from the Calton Gaol, in which he had been confined, to the lock-up in Liberton's Wynd, the nearest place of imprisonment to the Lawnmarket, where he was to suffer.

During the evening he spent much time talking to the priests, and then slept calmly till about five o'clock on the morning of the 28th. On the previous day the gallows was erected in the centre of the Lawnmarket and many persons stood by them all through the night, which was very wet, hoping to get a good view of the culprit's last appearance on earth. By seven in the morning a crowd of between 20,000 to 25,000 people had gathered round the gibbet, and their hoots and cries must have struck terror into the heart of the wretched malefactor.

From the time he rose till the sheriff demanded his body Burke was attended by four ministers of religion, two of his own persuasion and two Protestants, all of whom did their best to console him and help him to meet his fate in a proper frame of mind. Shortly before eight Williams, the executioner, came to pinion Burke, but the criminal told him that he was not quite ready for him. However, the hangman paid no attention to him and soon had him properly secured. The condemned man was then given a glass of wine, and drank his last toast, "Farewell to all my friends."

A few seconds later the magistrates and officials, in their robes, entered the cell, and the procession was formed. Burke was supported by Mr. Reid, one of the

Catholic priests, and he leant on his arm as he walked up Liberton's Wynd towards the Lawnmarket. The instant that the mob caught sight of the murderer he was greeted with a tremendous burst of jibes and howls of execration, which affected him very much. Apparently he was afraid that he might be caught and torn to pieces by the mob, for he ascended the scaffold as rapidly as possible, and his arrival there was the signal for another outburst. Yells of "Burke him!" "Choke him!" "No mercy, hangie!" greeted him on every side. He cast a defiant glance round him, and then knelt down on the platform and commenced his devotions. Meanwhile the crowd was becoming impatient and wanted him to cut short his prayers that they might see more of him. The doomed mortal did not heed them, but quietly finished his orisons, and picked up the silk handkerchief on which he had been kneeling and put it into his pocket. This done, he stepped calmly on to the drop.

The executioner proceeded to adjust the fatal noose round his neck, but managed to bungle over untying Burke's neckerchief. The latter soon put him right, remarking that it was fastened behind. The rope was then properly fixed and Burke commenced to say the Creed, and when he came to the name of Jesus he gave the signal and the bolt was drawn.

The multitude greeted the fall of the drop with ringing cheers, and every time the murderer's body was convulsed—for he died hard—the struggles were saluted with ribald remarks. At length some of the undertakers got beneath the drop and twisted the body round and round until it was drawn up above the platform again, and after a few more violent convulsions the greatest scoundrel of the century was no more.

For three-quarters of an hour the body dangled from the gallows, and was then cut down and taken to Professor Munro, of the University of Edinburgh, for dissection. During three days the body of Burke was on exhibition at the Anatomy Theatre of the University, and was then cut up into portions and pickled in salt prior to being used in the lecture-room. One enterprising student managed to get hold of a large piece of the criminal's skin, which he had tanned and converted into a tobacco-pouch, which is still in existence.

Several attempts were made to have Hare put on his trial for other murders committed by the notorious partners, but reluctantly the law officers had to admit that the guarantee given to him by the Public Prosecutor, which made him turn King's evidence, precluded any proceedings being taken against him. The friends of "Daft Jamie," however, were not satisfied with this, and took a civil action against Hare to recover £500 as compensation for the natural's death. Needless to say, Hare had not the money to meet this demand, and was kept in prison pending the trial, but the claimants, finding that they could never get a farthing from Hare, abandoned the suit, and he was liberated.

So great was the popular feeling against him that he had to be protected by the police, and on several occasions took refuge in gaols. At last he managed to get out of Scotland, and obtained employment in some lime works. One day, unfortunately, the labourers discovered his identity and flung him into one of the lime-pits, from which he managed to escape, but with the loss of his eyesight, and for the remainder of his days begged his bread. For many years he was a familiar figure in the streets of London, though very few guessed his previous connection with the villainous "Burkers."

Mrs. M'Dougal had several narrow escapes from the sentence of Judge Lynch, and had to be rescued from the violence of the mob by her enemies, the police. Eventually she got out of Scotland, and was lost sight of, as also was Mrs. Hare. Thus the most cold-blooded band of wholesale murderers that the world has ever seen was broken up, and the one feeling of regret that we have in parting from them is that all four did not meet death by strangulation, as their leader, Burke, did.

Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time . . .

ANIMAL AND BACILLOID POISONS.

WE have now finished with our descriptions of the commoner forms of poisons as known to the man in the street, but there exists a large class of lethal substances, which at present is little understood. In dealing with these, the greatest discretion is necessary, inasmuch as many of them are easily made, and at the same time are so deadly in their action. We will try, however, to indicate the lines upon which the new toxicology is built without putting a weapon of awful precision in the hands of the unscrupulous.

It was not till the middle of the last century that medical men began to recognise the fact that meat under certain conditions develops in itself poisons of great activity. But though the profession was slow to acknowledge the existence of a class of poisons which even to-day is shrouded in mystery, it must not be thought that their presence was unsuspected. Tradition tells us that the toad has been regarded as poisonous from the earliest ages, and extracts from that reptile's body were held to possess deadly properties. At the commencement of the last century medical men stated authoritatively that the toad was harmless, and contained no poison whatsoever. Nevertheless, the ancient poisoners were right. Modern science has stepped in and proved that the skin of certain classes of toads does actually contain a poison of appalling virulence, to which the name of phrynin has been given.

Again, the Borgias, and, later, their infamous imitator, Toffana, found that the arsenic which they administered to their victims gained in power if it was mixed with certain animal substances. The Borgias used to administer the drug to a bear, and then collect the saliva which ran from the animal's mouth, while the Toffana recommended that a hog should be slaughtered and the carcase covered with arsenic. When putrescence set in, the fluid which ran from the decomposing mass was collected, and was found to be a very virulent poison. These were but indications of the recognition of certain lethal virtues in the juices which flow from decaying animal matter.

History tells us of the fear that the Arabs and Persians had for the bite of the camel, and ascribed that fear to the superstition which averred that inasmuch as the camel is the indispensable servant of man in those regions, any injury done to the beast of sufficient gravity to arouse its resentment and cause it to turn on its master, so enraged the Almighty that he endowed the creature's bite with special venom and made it deadly. The story is a pretty one, and would delight the hearts of the inspectors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but it loses much of its poesy when modern research tells us that the severity of the camel's bite is due to the insanitary condition of the animal's mouth!

The bushmen of the South African district crush the little leaf-beetle, diamphidia, and tip their arrows with it, giving terrible effect to the wounds produced by them. They have known of the existence of the poison for centuries, but only within the last five years has the nature of it been made apparent. There is nothing new under the sun. Even the actual poison contained in decaying flesh was known to the Greeks, who considered that putrid bull's blood was a potent poison.

The halo of romance which enshrouded poisons till comparatively recent times prevented anything like exact research into the origin of the poisonous properties connected with certain substances, and the source from whence these noxious articles derived their power was little dreamt of till 1850. In that year a French chemist who had made a study of the alkaloidal extracts which give the virtue to the vegetable poisons thought that it might be possible to find a poison centre, so to speak, in animal matter.

It was noticed that certain kinds of animal food were apt to cause symptoms closely resembling those produced by strong irritant poisons, and on more than one occasion charges of criminal poisoning were brought against innocent persons. Everything pointed to poisoning by, say, aconite, but in the body there was no trace of any poison. For a long while medical jurists were puzzled, until one man suggested that it was possible that an active poison was developed in

the food itself, by some unknown cause. Investigation being thus started, went on apace, and it was demonstrated that decaying fish does actually develop within itself a class of bodies to which the name of ptomaines was given.

The ptomaines, even to-day, are not thoroughly understood. They give rise to all the symptoms of irritant poisoning in certain persons. We say "certain" advisedly, for they do not affect all people. A family may eat of a particular dish; three members of the party may be unaffected, the fourth goes to his grave. That is to say, that there must be a predisposing condition in the subject before the poison will operate if taken through the mouth.

As a class, the ptomaines resemble the alkaloids in many particulars. Most of them are destroyed by high temperatures, or are volatile at high temperatures. The latter section are the most dangerous. For many years frequent cases of poisoning followed eating rabbit pie. In every case it was noticed that no hole had been made in the top of the pie, and it is now held that the ptomaine was thus retained in the food. All tainted meat contains ptomaine, the result of changes in the fibrine of the flesh after death. Most of these noxious bodies are soluble in ether, and can thus be extracted, but alcohol seems to arrest their development. Some few of them have the power of acting on metals and forming poisonous combination with them.

The ptomaine, pure and simple, that is to say, the body formed after life has ceased, as a product of decomposition, is deadly whether introduced into the body by the mouth or by injection into a wound, though, as we have said, certain conditions must predispose to their action when eaten.

In the animal world, however, there is also another class of natural poisons which are comparatively innocuous when eaten, but which are very potent when injected into a wound. These are the toxalbumins. They differ essentially from the ptomaines inasmuch as they are normally present in the living animal. To this class belongs the poison of the toad, phrynin. If the old tradition which states that King John was killed by having a toad dropped into the goblet of wine which he drank at dinner be true, then the monarch must have had a sore in his mouth, or a small crack in his lip, for phrynin is not fatal when taken internally except in large quantities, but if injected into the system is a very powerful poison.

The poison of the diamphidia is also due to a toxalbumin which, when injected into the bloodvessels, causes paralysis, and finally death. Colubrine and viperine, the active poisons of the cobra and viper families of snakes, are also members of this deadly class of animal poisons, and their action is closely allied to that of the diamphidia, though in a more marked degree.

Adrenalin, the extract of the capsule of the kidney, really belongs to the class of toxalbumins, but it has an effect peculiarly its own. It need not be injected into the system, but will act on the mucous membranes directly. It is a powerful poison in doses of more than the hundredth part of a grain, but in lesser quantities is a wonderful astringent, and its effects are clearly demonstrated when the dose is less than the ten thousandth part of a grain. Under certain circumstances, adrenalin is convertible into phrynine, which, as we have said, is also a virulent poison.

Allied to the toxalbumins are the toxins which seem to stand midway between the products of active life and the products of decomposition. The most dangerous of this class is tyrotoxin, a product of decaying cheese. Its exact composition is at present rather a mystery, but very little trouble is necessary to make this terrible agent, and therefore it is not advisable to mention the mode of production. Its effects are both rapid and certain, and up to the present there is no known method of detecting it in the body after death. Of the cryptic combinations, which are also interesting, we will speak later.

These poisons which we have briefly mentioned may be considered as a distinct class by themselves. They are salts, or definite combinations, some of them recognisable, some of them destroyed in their own operations and leaving no distinct trace; but there is another class of poisons, or the equivalents of poisons, which have not yet, fortunately, attracted the attention of the poisoner. We refer to the bacilloid poisons.

The idea of the existence of germs which are capable of producing disease and death was unsuspected until the year 1859, in which year the mysterious illness which followed the eating of pork attracted the attention of the scientific world. Throughout the German Empire it was noticed that persons were dying off in a surprising manner. Their bodies when on the post-mortem table exhibited little trace of active disease or of the presence of poisons, and medical men were nonplussed for the time. Then it occurred to Professor Virchow that the microscope might reveal the true cause of the disorder. After many experiments, he discovered that in the muscles of the body there were a number of minute worm-like organisms which sapped the strength of the patient, and eventually brought about his dissolution. These worm-like bodies be traced to a germ contained in the uncooked ham which the people of Germany eat so frequently, and established the disease as trichinosis, or hair worm. The discovery seems simple enough, but from it many important deductions were made. Scientists argued that if the germ of the trichinia worm was capable of transmission to the human being, it was quite possible that diseases might be caused by the inception of germs of other diseases. Investigations on a large scale followed, and at last the new science of bacteriology was born; a science which deals with minute organisms entering the human body, and there giving rise to diseases.

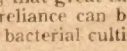
Advance in scientific methods has shown that throughout the whole range of living nature there exists a collection of microscopic beings which remain in a state of suspense until they reach a soil suitable for their propagation. These find in man, in the lower animals, in the plants, the soil which is best fitted for their development, and there take root. In man they produce diseases of various kinds, as they do in beasts and plants. Each bacteria or bacillus produces its own specific disease. Working on these lines, Lord Lister announced to the world that it was the presence of these minute living beings that caused complications following surgical operations, and with a view to excluding these invisible enemies, he studied the question very carefully, and at last instituted the system of aseptic surgery, which has done more to benefit the world than anything in modern times.

But it must not be thought that it was solely due to the researches of Professor Virchow and Lord Lister that the world knows of the existence of bacteria. The natives of the Malay Peninsula have long recognised the existence of a germ—meru, as they call it—which causes certain forms of disease, and they have made use of this knowledge with unfailing regularity. Jenner knew of the transmission of variola or small-pox from the lymph of small-pox pustules, and in Syria and Turkey small-pox has been artificially transmitted by the same means for many centuries. These people all knew of the existence of the germ, but they did not know of the method of isolating the little animals, and it is only within the last few years that arrangements have been made for the proper study of the vagaries of these tiny nuisances.

Thanks to the patient work of skilled men, we can now separate the germs of almost every disease and recognise them. They can be collected, placed on suitable beds, and made to germinate, and at any moment they can be introduced into the system of man, and will do their deadly work far more certainly than any of the older poisons. With the increase of man's protection has come the increase of man's danger.

Take the dreaded cholera, for instance. The microbe is easily cultivated on beds of specially prepared gelatine. The poisoner has only to see that his victim is supplied with sufficient germs in his food, or drink, to make sure of one taking root, and his enemy will die of a natural disease. He has, however, to reckon with an unknown opponent. In the blood are countless equally tiny bodies called phagocytes, which are the mortal enemies of the bacilli or germs, and unless these human sentries are weakened through excess, bad climate, debility, or some other cause, they will kill the bacteria and save their master from disease. That much is true of many diseases, but there are others which, if not immediately fatal, at least render man's life a burden. These have to be introduced into the system by injection or by direct contact with the mucous membrane in certain parts of the body. The foreign poisoner has made use of them on several occasions with great effect, and, alas, with impunity.

Of late years there has been a great advance in the study of the operations of the bacilloid world, and medical men are aware of the danger which lies in the dissemination of the knowledge of breeding bacteria. The methods are so simple, the effects so certain, that great care is taken that only those on whose integrity reliance can be placed are initiated into the art of preparing bacterial cultivations.



WHEN Sir Elijah Impey, the India judge, was on his passage home, he was one day walking on the deck, and, it having blowed pretty hard the preceding day, a shark was playing by the side of the ship. Having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. "Why," replied the tar, "I don't know, indeed, what name they know them by ashore, but here we call them sea-lawyers."

THE CREWE PARRICIDES.

THE BROTHERS DAVIES

A Tale of Two Lads who Killed their Father to Protect their Mother.

"Condemn the fault and not the actor of it."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Measure for Measure."

PART II.

BUT though the police were not at all willing to gratify the curiosity of the coroner, who had blamed them for what, after all, amounted to excess of zeal, they could have told a strange tale. The rumour that the lads had confessed was perfectly true.

When the boys had been in the cells—separated, of course—for some little time, George asked to be allowed to see Richard. The inspector agreed to this, and the two were taken to his office. There Richard said, "I don't know what to say." George looked at him for a few moments, but kept silent. Both seemed very affected, and the police, finding that there was no hope of getting them to speak, took them back again to their apartments. Later in the evening—in fact, almost towards midnight—George sent for the inspector and said that he again wished to see Richard.

A second time the two accused were taken into the office, and the kindly inspector reminded them that whatever they said would be used in evidence against them if necessary. The younger spoke to his brother, saying, "I must say something. There is my little brothers and sister to think of." To this Richard rejoined, "Yes, I suppose we had better say something. What shall we say?" The inspector again warned them, and then suggested that perhaps they had better have pens and paper, to which both readily agreed, and they were taken back to their cells, where an ample supply of writing material was given them. Later, both sent a written document to the inspector, who showed them to the superintendent. The lads were then brought together again, and their confessions—which we give later—read to them.

On hearing them both, Richard exclaimed, "George, the first part of yours is all right, but the last part is not true. You had the axe, and you know it. You struck father first." To this George replied, "No, I did not. It is all true what I have written. You came up with the axe-head in your hand and the stave in the other; and did not you say, 'What shall we do now?' You took the pistol with you, and said that if you did not finish him with the one you would with the other. You struck him on the side of the trap. I never struck father at all."

The two boys were, of course, promptly brought before the magistrates, where their confessions were read out to them, and there was no course open to the primary bench but to commit them both for trial, which was accordingly done on the 13th of February.

The case came on for trial before Mr. Justice Wills at the Spring Assizes at Chester. The Grand Jury was directed to bring in a true bill, and on the 20th of March the brothers were placed in the dock. The court was crowded a few minutes after it was opened, and a large concourse of people had to be turned away from the doors.

On the charge-sheet the lads were described as of nineteen and seventeen years of age respectively, and their youth, together with the rumours of the reason why they had committed the horrible crime for which they were indicted, made the whole of England take a keen interest in the trial.

The two boys pleaded "not guilty," and the prosecution opened their case. The evidence of the greatest importance was the statements of the accused, and these were read.

The youngest, George, wrote: "On January the 25th, Saturday, Dick got ready to go home first, and went out the back way. When he got ready to go into the yard, he said to me, 'George, come here,' and I went to him. He said, 'I want you to get me a box of pistol caps. I am not going that way. I shall come here again before you go home. You need not say what I want you for.' Then he went in. About half an hour afterwards I went down to get the caps, and when I got to the shop I stood looking through the window, when someone knocked against me. On looking round I saw Dick standing there, and he said, 'Have you got those caps?' I said 'No,' and then he said, 'Go and get them.' I went and got them, and came out of the shop and gave them to him. Then we both walked up Victoria Street, and went into John Street, and stood against our trap.

"When we got there, Dick said to me, 'I tell you what. I think I shall have a go at our old chap to-night.' I said, 'Please yourself.' He said, 'I meant to have a go at him on Monday night, but he picked up somebody and gave them a ride.' Dick then said, 'I shall get the little chopper out of the yard.' I said, 'I should not get it, because it would be missed,' and he said, 'No, they would not miss it.' Richard said, 'You will not see me again before I have hit him. I shall go home, and you must come running about ten minutes after me and run into the house and say someone has stopped father up Crewe Lane.' Then Emily came and called me, and we parted at that. I thought no more about it, and did not think that he would do it.

"About half-past ten me and father started from the shop, driving home in the pony-trap. We stopped at the 'Barrel,' at Nantwich Road, and father stayed five or ten minutes. About a quarter or twenty minutes to eleven we started from the top of Mill Street, and we went on right till we got about half way down the lane.

"Dick hit father with something, and father said, 'Oh, dear, dear, what's that?' and then he said, 'Way, way,' and Dick hit him again, and then father fell out of the back of the trap, and the seat as well. Then the pony went on a bit, and then I got out and went further down the lane, and did not know what to do. Then Dick came running down, and said he thought someone was coming, so he went across the fields, and I went round by the lane, and got home about ten minutes after Dick. I went running into the house and said, 'Father has got stopped in Crewe Lane.' Dick was then putting on his shoes, and ran out of the house and went to Maddocks and told them that father had got stopped, and then he ran up Crewe Lane, where father was, and found him dead. I think you know all the rest.

"(Signed) GEORGE DAVIES."

Richard made a statement which differed in many important particulars from the foregoing, and which, therefore, should be given for the purposes of comparison. He wrote:

"I hereby confess that me and my brother George made up to kill father on Saturday, January 25th. I left the shop at about eight o'clock to go home, but instead of going home I was to wait in Crewe Lane, and then I was to come out of the hedge and seize the pony's head, while George, who was riding with him, and was bringing the axe with him, would jump up and strike him two or three times. I ran behind and caught hold of him and pulled him out of the trap, and I went home and left him there to wait until he was dead, and then he was to come running home saying they had been stopped up Crewe Lane by two men. I arrived home about eleven o'clock, and in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour George came home and told us. I ran and got to him first, but he was on the opposite side to where I left him, and quite dead. I took his money out of his pocket, and then Jack, my elder brother, came up. The cause we had for it was because he was such a bad father, not to me exactly, but to George and the rest, and a bad husband to mother, for they had been very nearly starved sometimes, for he would neither buy them coals for the fire nor meat to eat when he was in a bad temper. But may the Lord forgive us. We never thought what a crime we were committing, nor the consequences of it, and I hope the law will deal mercifully with me and George. We don't deserve it, I know, but let it be for the sake of mother and my little brothers. Spare us for them.

"(Signed) R. DAVIES."

These were the two damning documents which were read over to the jury in court, and the two prisoners, through their advisers, admitted that they had written them. The evidence which we already know was repeated again, the terrible injuries which the deceased man had sustained being described, and also the finding of the body by the elder prisoner and his brother John. Then Emily Davies was put into the box. The picture of domestic misery which she gave was appalling, and, but for the majesty of the law and their oaths, there is little doubt that several of the jurymen would have acquitted the prisoners at once.

Richard Davies, sen., according to his own daughter, used to allow his wife, out of his ample income, 13s. a week to supply the entire household wants of a family of eight, and also expected her to provide handkerchiefs, stockings, and small articles of clothing for the party out of this pittance. He insisted on having a good meat dinner every day, but only once a week were his wife and children permitted to taste meat. At times he would thrash Mrs. Davies and her daughter unmercifully on the slightest pretext, and only the interference of Richard had saved them from serious injury on several occasions. Once he flogged his wife because she sent the children to Sunday School, not wishing them to grow up as heathens.

The jury listened to all this, and, after the speeches of the counsel for the prosecution and defence, retired for an hour, when they returned a verdict of "Guilty."

The lads heard that they were convicted with scarcely a change of colour, and to the usual question as to whether they had anything to urge for stay of execution, replied, "Nothing."

Mr. Justice Wills then pronounced sentence, prefacing the grim formula of the law by saying that he would not harrow their feelings any further. No family difference could justify such an awful crime as parricide, and he trusted that the two convicts would spend the short time which remained for them on earth by imploring the Divine pardon for the heinous guilt with which they had stained their souls. He then condemned them to be hanged.

The jury having recommended both prisoners to mercy, the judge next asked what were the grounds for the rider, and was told that the youth of the culprits was the reason. This, he said, would be forwarded to the proper place.

The most strenuous efforts were made throughout the whole of England to have these two youths reprieved, for it was felt that, terrible as their crime was, it was prompted by a mistaken chivalry. Petitions were signed, and the Home Office was inundated with memorials begging for mercy on account of the youth of the condemned. What was the result? The sapient Home Secretary saw fit to reprieve the younger boy and leave the other to be hanged. An immense outcry was the immediate consequence of this parody of justice, but to the last it was believed that the Minister was merely waiting to reprieve the lad Richard at the last moment, for the sake of effect.

Till half-past nine on the evening of April the 7th Richard trusted that the commutation would come; till the sun was high in the heavens on the morning of April the 8th, his mother and sympathising friends kept vigil, waiting for the news that the protector of the weak woman and helpless children had been spared. But it was not to be.

A few minutes before eight o'clock in the morning, under the shadow of the gallows, Richard Davies wrote his last messages to those he loved. Here is an extract: "I truthfully declare in my last hour that I never struck my father on the night of his death, and that I never had the axe in my hand."

A minute before eight, Berry, the hangman, with the

A SHEET WAS FOLDED AND PLACED UNDER HIS WAISTCOAT.

officials, entered the condemned cell and proceeded to pinion the poor lad. He was so terribly thin that when the strap was placed round him it was found that the buckles could not fasten it tight enough, and the hangman had to obtain a sheet, which was folded and placed beneath the condemned boy's waistcoat. Even then the sheet had to be folded a second time before the strap could hold properly. What agony of mind that poor youngster must have suffered during these preparations!

The procession was rapidly formed, and a walk of fifty yards along a passage and across a yard brought the unhappy band to the coach-house, fitted as an execution shed. As they crossed the open ground rain was pouring in torrents. With a view to sparing the culprit the sight of the instrument of his death, Berry drew the white cap over Richard's face as soon as he reached the yard, and he was conducted by warders for the rest of his journey.

The last preliminaries were quickly performed. "Into Thy hands we commend his spirit," read the chaplain, and the quailing figure on the drop responded, "My Lord God, I commend my soul to Thee: receive my spirit."

At that instant the bolt was drawn, and Richard fell through six feet of space. The doctor ran down into the pit,

and later announced that the pulse beat mechanically for several seconds, but that unconsciousness supervened instantaneously.

Berry allowed a drop of six feet, which is rather less than he should have done according to the formula by which he usually regulated this matter, seeing that the youth only weighed nine stone.

At the consequent inquest it was stated that death ensued through dislocation of the neck, as shown by the post-mortem examination, and that, therefore, the continuation of the heart-beats could only have been purely mechanical, probably the result of stimulation of the spinal cord.

George, who was terribly afflicted when he learnt that while his life had been spared his brother had been cast for death, was sent into penal servitude for life.

This case is really important on account of the change in the political opinions of several Members of Parliament which it brought about. Had the two been treated alike, nothing would have been said, but it was the selection of the least guilty, and the protection of the most guilty, both parties being minors, which was complained of; and when the Home Secretary was asked why he had made this difference, which to the world at large appeared grossly unjust, he refused to give any satisfactory reason, but shielded himself behind the ægis of his greatness, forgetful of the fact that he is really accountable to the people for everything he does.

Thus perished Richard Davies, the victim of excessive chivalry and the caprices of a Minister.

Wholesale Early Marriage.

A HOPEFUL young scoundrel, Robert Taylor by name, a Primitive Methodist and a staunch teetotaler, was nineteen years of age, and had, at the time of his trial, on June 29, 1840, at least six wives living, though he was suspected of having many more.

He made the acquaintance of one Fryer, a Methodist preacher, and promised a reward of ten pounds if he would procure him a young and religious wife. The preacher immediately remembered that his own wife had two unmarried sisters, and the youngest, aged eighteen, Taylor chose. The marriage took place, but the preacher never got his ten pounds. On the contrary, he weakly lent Taylor twelve, which were not returned. In none of his little matrimonial transactions, indeed, did Taylor appear to have "parted," and among the many extraordinary memoranda found in the prisoner's possession, was an agreement between him and one Mary Wilson to marry in three months, from October 16, 1839, Taylor to forfeit £20,000 if he married any other woman, and Mary to forfeit one-third per annum of her yearly salary if she proved faithless. Annexed to this was a memorandum of a loan of £4 from Mary's father, with an engagement on the part of Taylor to pay £1 per annum interest.

But this extraordinary document was not the most extraordinary. The connubial Taylor carried with him, in a tin case, an imposing piece of parchment, which purported to be the will of Lord Kennedy, of Ashby Hall, Leicestershire, making Robert Taylor the heir to £1,015,000 Three per Cent. Consols, besides immense wealth in coal mines, salt factories, woollen factories, quarries, machinery, houses, plate, jewellery, and even ships. And this was the magic power he possessed over the susceptible sex and their affectionate parents and guardians.

Two cases only were gone into. In that of Mary Wilson, the courtship, marriage, and preliminaries—that is to say, the borrowing of the four pounds, occupied almost four days, and eighteen days later he deserted her, she hearing no more of him until he was in custody. The prisoner, cross-examining this witness, asked whether he had not proposed putting up the banns, and whether she had not said she would rather be married off-hand. "No!" she replied. "Oh, yes, Mary, you did!" said Taylor. "I consented to take you immediately if the money was raised, and you raised it." In the other case, that of the good preacher's sister-in-law, the preacher introduced him one day as a pious young man, and next morning the girl and he were married by licence.

In his defence, Taylor urged that he was under age, and that all his marriages were illegal, that all the young ladies he went near wanted to have him, and that he was inveigled into wedlock, and his conclusion seemed to be that, having contracted one illegal marriage, he was perfectly justified in contracting a hundred. His mother, in the witness-box, stated that her son was not of age, but refused to give the name of his illustrious father, a secret which she had kept for nineteen years.

The jury, finding the prisoner guilty, he was sentenced to imprisonment for two years and a-half, with hard labour. "When I come out again," he asked the judge, "will any of my wives have a claim upon me?" But the Court refused to answer the question, and refused, also, to return his "dockyments."

HE MURDERED SARAH HUGHES AND THREW HER DISMEMBERED CORPSE INTO THE RIVER.

Cadwallader Jones.

"Cadwal,
I cannot sing; I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie."
—SHAKESPEARE, "Cymbeline," Act iv., Scene 2

IN Dolgelly, Wales, the majority of the inhabitants are Methodists.

These people live in an atmosphere all their own, are content in their comfortable obscurity, simple in their tastes and habits, and happy in an emotional religion.

Six days of the week they thrive in industry, and on the seventh enjoy the ecstasy of divine worship—the spiritual exaltation of hymn chanting and reverent praying.

The chapel is the sanctuary of their emotions. Dwellers in vast cities, in active and tumultuous centres of modern life, in the world's markets and marts, find it hard to understand the significance the word "chapel" holds for those who live in such districts as Dolgelly.

To them the chapel is the supreme force in their community. Its usages are diverse and many. First of all, it is the meeting place between man and his God; secondly, it is the appointed haven of the neighbourhood's respectability. It also provides the population with a theatre, a club-house, a social rendezvous, and in some cases a school for scandal.

Cadwallader Jones was a constant attendant at the chapel, where he was known to be a devout and sincere worshipper; a reputable character, and a man of rising prosperity.

As a child, and a youth, he had been of pious and restricted habits, his tastes moderate, his reason sound, and his ethical notions orthodox and irreproachable. When he was twenty-five he was the pattern young man of the district. He was pointed out by fond and anxious mothers to misguided children, who played marbles on a Sunday, and sang profane ballads, as an example of human rectitude.

The youth of Dolgelly was informed that if it walked strenuously in the paths of virtue, obeyed the Commandments, and laboured in prayer and industry, one day it might actually blossom forth into the likeness of Cadwallader Jones, when it would own an extensive farm, have a comfortable banking account, and be a personage in the affairs of the chapel.

Cadwallader, who at a comparatively early age had attained such heights of local celebrity, was in person a short, thick-set young man, with a grave, square, heavy face, deep-set brilliant black eyes, and a crop of dark, strong hair, that clustered over his high, prematurely furrowed forehead in coarse masses of ebony ringlets.

His mouth was large, and might have been called brutal.

So much for our hero's exterior person; let us probe deeper into the depths of his character, and explore the unseen recesses of his mind, for therein be sure we shall find much worthy of discovery.

His soul was one raging tempest of discontent. His heart was a smothered furnace.

He stood upon the pinnacle of local fame, a giant amongst his fellows, at once the envy and the admiration of all who knew him, and this proud position had been won without favour, by tenacity of will, and an unswerving allegiance to laborious pursuits, and yet this young man was unhappy, nay, was even wretched, carrying within his fortune-swollen heart, as he did, the unquenchable flames of unsatisfied desires!

And what had generated this secret fester of incontinent misery in one whose life was already a fulfilled promise? The very means of his worldly success, the very stepping stones of fortune upon which he trod, and towards which he had toiled with such incessant labour, were mildewed with insatiate inclinations of youth, were thick with the unspent coins of a young life's bounty that Cadwallader, in his pil-

grimage of social progress, had trodden into the clay and the receptive soil.

At twenty-five he felt himself already an old man, and was conscious that he and youth had been ever strangers. He had never squandered a moment in luxurious folly, never sown a single wild oat, never gratified the exultant humours of the wild, warm blood that surged in the prisons of his veins, and cried out, again and again, for a moment of deliverance.

Cadwallader had taken unto himself a wife, but he had never known love, or even that god's incessant shadow—passion.

His wife brought him a comparative fortune, a motherly heart, a mild and tractable disposition, a pew in chapel; but where, oh, where, amongst all these gifts, was the wine of love, the allurement of passion's red roses?

Pooh! the question is fatuous!

Mrs. Jones was her husband's senior by many years; she was not amongst the lovely objects of this prodigal earth, and her disposition was eminently sane and sober.

Now, Cadwallader at twenty-five began to rest from his labours, the hours began to drag upon his hands, the long

BROUGHT IT DOWN ON HIS VICTIM'S HEAD.

subdued and pent-up emotions natural to youth grew clamorous in the secret conclaves of his spirit; Folly was knocking at his heart and crying for admittance.

"I come to you late, very late," said she, "but for all that I will not be denied."

Cadwallader began to sicken at his own sobriety.

"I have not the manhood to sin," he said to himself. "I am not a man, I am an immaculate automaton."

And still Folly shrieked in his ears:

"I am late, but not too late."

Not too late! No! there was still time to catch one of her fading blossoms, to drink her dwindling draught of revel and pleasure, to swoon in the delirious delights of her wild, wild kisses.

So Cadwallader opened his heart, and Dame Custom, with her respectable daughters, were sent scuttling out, and Miss Folly, with her mad, sweet laugh of triumph, came dancing in, and set to work plucking the gods of gravity from their pedestals, and setting up her own enchanted idols in their place. The triumph of Folly came in this manner.

One day Cadwallader had pointed out to him by a fellow chapelgoer a strange-looking girl, who, he was told, was a model of female depravity.

The girl was a frail atom of humanity, but for all that she did not merit the character of common prostitute that her sisters of the chapel bestowed upon her. Our hero regarded her with interest. She was tall and slim, with a shy face, belied by a saucy mouth, red, eager lips, deep brown eyes, a small tip-tilted nose, and glossy black hair that was clustered into the nape of a tiny neck. Her gown was garish, and covered with ribbons, but she wore no hat.

Cadwallader left his friend and touched her on the arm.

The girl started at the interruption of her solitude, and when she saw who her interlocutor was, she allowed her eyelids to droop, and blushed all over her pretty face.

"Your name is Sarah Hughes?" said Jones, speaking in a thick voice, very seriously.

"Yes, sir."

"You live near here?"

"Yes, sir."

Each time she answered his question she curtsied, and the action was graceful.

"Why do I never see you in chapel?"

"Me! Oh, chapel ain't for the likes of me."

"The House of God is for us all," said the good young man sententiously. The girl shook her head, a smile crept into her eyes, and parted her lips, discovering two rows of the pearliest white teeth.

"Oh, no, it ain't. Now, is it?"

What a shy little question!

Cadwallader felt a sudden desire to kiss the outcast girl, to press the warm white flesh in his strong, sinewy arms, to drink from her lips his fill of long-denied passion.

"Am I fit for chapel?" asked this waif of her sex, receiving no answer to her previous question.

"You are fit for a palace, my dear," said Cadwallader, turning very red at his own daring in making such a remark. His companion giggled; she began to understand which way the wind blew. The two walked for a long time together, and arranged a future meeting.

Cadwallader reached home in a high state of excitement. His pulses were beating in wild harmony with his mood. He was enjoying an adventure; he was a man at last.

That night, as he lay by the side of his sober helpmate, he could not sleep for thought of the strange girl's beauty. He tossed and turned in the fever of desire, tortured by the vision of her elfish face, with its brilliant, soul-burning eyes and its rapturous red lips. He wished to clasp her in his

arms, to blind her with kisses, and devour her sweet, supple loveliness in all the fury of his passion. She pursued, tortured, oppressed, and delighted him in all his thoughts, distracted him from his business, and enticed him from his religion; indeed, at this time, although he had seen her but once, he was bound up body and soul in allegiance to her beauty.

When he saw the girl again she was in sore trouble. A little pin brooch that she used to fasten her dress with had scratched her throat, and a thin wound scarred the smooth, milky surface of her neck.

"See, it has been bleeding," said she.

Without warning he took her in his arms and pressed his ravenous lips upon the scar. The startled girl struggled in his embrace, but he held her in a grasp of iron. He rejoiced to feel her delicate, warm limbs straining to free themselves from the bondage of his pressure; rejoiced at his own strength and at her childish struggles. He kissed her again and again, and presently she became quiet, and putting up her lips to his, kissed him in return. He could feel the beating of her heart within her bosom, and could have shrieked aloud in a riot of delirious joy. This was youth, this was life, this was passion!

So Cadwallader gained the delights his soul had hungered for so long. He drank the cup of pleasure at such mighty draughts that he soon caught the bitter savour of the dregs.

Sarah Hughes told him that she was enceinte, and would in all probability bear him, in the course of a few months, a child.

Such was Cadwallader's aftertaste of the nectar of Folly's brewing. A child! a living witness of his shame!

This meant open publication of his infamy, his utter abasement in the eyes of his great little world. He would be denounced from the pulpit of the chapel, hunted from respectable society, hounded into the wilderness by the self-righteous voices of his present admirers; an outcast, a byword, a moral leper. Such natures as Cadwallader Jones's are subject to violent emotional reactions. Such natures also particularly desire an object when it is slipping from their grasp. He had never before prized his reputation as he did now that he seemed likely to lose it.

Besides, he was already tired of Mistress Folly, his passion for the girl Hughes had perished of its own violence, he had tasted sin, indeed, banqueted upon it until his palate was cloyed, and he determined to return to the road of sedate travel, to his former mode of living, to the communion of saints, and to the chapel.

But this was no easy matter. The descent from the path of righteousness had been easy enough, but to regain the former plateau of moral rectitude was an affair of harder accomplishment. He determined to break off the connections with his paramour. He gave her a large sum of money, and bade her leave the neighbourhood.

She promised to do all that he wished, and Cadwallader began to recover his mental equilibrium, and to congratulate himself on an easy escape from what might have proved a nasty tangle.

For a week he heard nothing of Sarah Hughes, and concluded accordingly that she had fulfilled her promise, and had left the district. He spent six pleasant days in a fool's paradise. On the Saturday, however, he saw her in the company of some notorious trollops and loose young men joking in the doorway of a beerhouse. Cadwallader pretended not to see her. As he passed, the drunken company raised a concerted laugh at his expense.

"Oh, look at the man of God! Why don't you leave the girls alone?" they bawled, and pelted him with rought badinage until he was out of sight.

Cadwallader marched on, neither looking to right nor left, but the blood mounted to his face, he felt his limbs twitch convulsively, and a horrible inclination crept into his heart to take to his heels, fly his persecutors, and bury his dishonoured head anywhere so long as it was hidden from the wrath of society.

He had hoped that the girl would have been true to the bargain. What a fool he was, he might have known that she was deceiving him, was playing with him, bleeding him of coin to squander amongst her dissolute associates, and meant to expose him publicly when funds were no longer forthcoming.

The next day a ragged little urchin called at Cadwallader's farm with a note from Sarah asking a further sum of hush money. This was repeated again and again, sometimes with threats and menaces.

Cadwallader's life became living torture; he walked in perpetual fear of exposure and public denunciation. He could not attend to his business by day, or sleep by night, so terrorised was his whole being by the sword of retribution hung for ever above his head. All he thought of was, when will the weapon descend, the blow be struck, the sacrifice completed?

So gradually hate, fear, and dread entered into his soul, the milk of human kindness turned sour within him; he became a coward and a bully.

Two months before the date when Sarah expected to give birth to a child he made one last effort to shake off the tyranny and the control that the girl Hughes exerted over him. He refused to read her notes, sent her no money, and passed her unrecognised in the streets.

Then Sarah came to his house herself and demanded an explanation, and an immediate reckoning.

He implored her to go away before his wife discovered her, and promised to meet her the same night at the end of his garden, by the river. She accepted this compromise, but warned him of the danger of playing her any tricks of artifice.

The remainder of that day dragged itself out in slow hours of burning torment for Cadwallader.

What was to be done?

Things could not continue at their present pass.

Was there no escape?

Other men sinned, and sinned again, and were happy with all.

Was he to be for ever damned for one little sinful pleasure?

He was a strong man, he had a strong will, he would make an escape, he would end this reign of terror once and for all to-night!

When the hour of appointment struck he put on his great coat and hat and crept out of the back door. His wife was already in bed, snoring soundly.

The night was dark, and rather cold. He noticed the autumnal moon hiding behind a dense mass of black clouds. The wind blew strong, shrieked in his ears as it whirled and twirled the dead brown leaves down to the river. He crept down to the river's edge. A girlish form came to meet him, her hair blown awry by the wind, and her skirts swaying as she walked.

"You have come," she said, smiling triumphantly. "I knew you dare not play me false."

"Dare! I dare anything!"

"Oh, indeed! Ain't we proud to-night!"

Cadwallader snorted in his rage.

"Enough of this," cried he. "What do you want?"

"Money."

"Then you won't get it!"

"Won't get it! We'll see about that."

"Not a penny! I'll see you dead first! I've been blackmailed long enough. I mean to stop it now."

He came close to the girl and hissed the words into her ear.

In a moment she was transformed into a blazing fury.

"You cad! you sanctimonious blackguard! I'll ruin you to-morrow. You see! I go straight to the minister and tell him all. How you ruined me."

"Ruined a troll! Ha, ha!"

"Oh, I'm that, am I? It was different when you came sneaking round me with your pretty words, wasn't it? When you ruined me, when——"

"Ruined you! You ruined me; you, with your smiling face and your devilish beauty. Would to God you had been dead before I met you. Such women as you were born for man's undoing——"

The girl ran from him towards his house, screaming at the top of her voice:

"Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones!"

He saw her intention in a moment. To arouse his wife, to expose him as the father of her unborn child.

In an instant he was after her, had reached her side, had twisted an arm round her waist, and clapped his other hand to her mouth.

The two rolled over on the grass.

"Mrs. Jones! Murder! help!" shrieked the girl.

"Be quiet, you devil! be quiet!"

The girl's fine strong teeth met in the thick of his hand, and she kicked and struck him with all her might.

"Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones! help! help! murder!"

Louder rose the cries. In another minute all would be discovered.

Cadwallader seized a large stone and brought it with a swinging blow down on his victim's mouth with the force of a sledge hammer.

He heard a gurgling sob in the throat, and the bones of the face crack like twigs under the weight of the terrible blow.

The girl's limbs twitched, her body gave one quiver of spasmodic life, and Sarah Hughes was dead.

"Dead! dead! dead!" screamed the man. "Silent for

ever, you smiling, beautiful, hateful devil! I've done for you, my beauty.

He laughed and cried in hysterical joy, and smote the corpse of his mistress with wild, savage blows.

He tore her hair, mangled her body, trod, kicked, and danced on her, the lust of blood surging within him, and fire dancing in his eyes; his whole being transformed into mad, unreasoning, brutal, exultant savagery.

He whirled and whirled around the murdered woman's unoffending clay, his arms raised above his head, in a terrible ecstasy of fiendish joy; the man dead within him, the brute triumphant and all-powerful, until he grew dazed and dizzy, and fell fainting in a trickling pool of blood.

He came back to consciousness in a cold sweat of fear and horror, his heart thumping like a drum, and every limb trembling. He crawled back to his house and drank a tumbler of whisky. Then he took a saw, a hatchet, a chopping block, and a bill-hook into the cow-shed. He lit a lantern, and staggered back to the scene of crime.

He caught up the mutilated remains of his paramour, and bore them to the cow-shed. He stripped her of her clothes, and then, with deliberate force and care, spent three hours in dismembering the carcase of his victim.

He cut the body up into eleven pieces, and threw them each separately into the river, hoping the tide would carry them out into the sea.

Having so far accomplished his task, he now buried his implements of slaughter in the cow-shed, together with the murdered girl's clothes and his own outer garments. He then took the spade and obliterated the traces of his crime from the garden, and the pale first gleams of morning, struggling through the east, lighted him to bed.

For a week Sarah Hughes's disappearance excited the local gossips, but they were just forgetting the incident when a young man fishing in the river near to Cadwallader Jones's garden brought up a *human hand*.

The county was at once plunged into a sea of conjecture, suspicion, and excitement. The hand must belong to the missing girl!

Then the police arrived, the river was dragged, and eleven fragments of a woman's body were brought to light.

They were all discovered in the neighbourhood of the prosperous young farmer's garden.

Cadwallader himself had been morose and silent, he had lost his colour and heartiness of manner, and he was generally thought to be the prey of some secret and terrible disease.

So, when the police came to Cadwallader's house to search it on suspicion, he walked out to them, and said in a clear voice, "I am the man you want. I did it. I murdered her."

He took the officers to the cow-shed and showed them the buried implements of crime, and discovered to their gaze the dead girl's clothes.

He recounted to them the incidents of the tragedy, speaking like one who talks in a dream, his words all spoken in an unemotional and unvarying monotone.

His trial is unimportant.

The court was, of course, crowded with the neighbours and friends of Cadwallader. The chapel worshippers turned up in full force to view the degradation of their brother, and to draw perhaps a moral lesson from the lamentable fall of one who had been a very giant of godliness within their midst.

Cadwallader, standing behind the iron fence of the dock, studiously avoided the gaze of all with whom he had once been familiar.

At times he appeared a little impatient at the length of the proceedings; indeed, he was longing for the moment when he could depart from this place of public observation.

Despite a plea of insanity, set up by the defence, he was condemned to death, and there is no reason to believe that he was dissatisfied with his sentence.

His life in the condemned cell, prior to his execution, was uneventful. He spent his time reading his Bible, and in conversation with the chaplain. He walked to the scaffold with a firm, steady gait. His head was bowed, and he avoided the eyes of his gaolers.

He stood beneath the gallows firm as a rock. Before the lever was pulled he gave one mighty shudder. Perhaps he felt death chilly, perhaps the devil that had lived so long within him passed from him at this moment, leaving the man unfettered by the beast to face his Maker. And this was the end of the brilliant career of Cadwallader Jones, a body possessed of two souls, a nature inhabited by two jarring influences.

After all, the bonds of civilisation are but frail; they can be broken at any moment, snapped and shattered by the internal raging of the long-suppressed elemental savage.

"Man is an apprentice; pain is his master; and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered."—A. DE MUSSET.

CHAPTER XII.

INVOLVE a community in a religious feud, and at once you force it into a strife than which nothing more fierce, bitter, or venomous can be imagined. It is strange, indeed, that this should be the case, but history tells us that the foullest deeds have been committed in the name of religion, and men, women, and children have been done to death simply because they would not vow allegiance to the feuds of their persecutors. Some have been burned at the stake, others thrown to wild beasts, and torn to pieces for the amusement of a callous mob, which looked on at their sufferings, whilst countless thousands have been horribly tortured, and eventually murdered by methods the description of which makes one's blood run cold.

In the days when the Roman Empire was at the zenith of its glory torture ran riot through the land, and daily the most dreadful cruelties were practised at the bidding of the Emperors, whose object was not to rid themselves of the people opposed to their pretensions by putting them to death but to break their spirits and make them submit by subjecting them to protracted tortures. Thus the victims of these inhuman monarchs were made to suffer indescribable agony, and in the end, if they failed to bow the knee, they were put to death in whatever manner was the most convenient to the executioners. As a rule, they were beheaded as the least troublesome way of getting rid of them, and their bodies were cast into the streets—gruesome object-lessons to any who saw them, and contemplated opposition to the wishes of those in authority. But if the executioners were particularly blood-thirsty, and wished to amuse themselves by prolonging the agonies of the unfortunate wretch in their clutches, some especially fearsome death was devised.

Perhaps the most horrible form of death was that in which an instrument known as the "taurus aeneus," or brazen bull, was used. This was a metal model of an ox, the body being large enough to admit one or more men or women into the interior. A door at the side gave admittance to the inside of the machine,

Brazen Bull.

whilst underneath was a kind of brazier, in which a huge fire could be kindled. The idea of the inventor, who explained the contrivance to the Emperor Nero, was that the person to be executed should be placed inside, after which the fire would be lit, and the victim would be slowly roasted to death. There was some arrangement of pipes in the neck of the beast which

magnified the cries of the sufferer and converted the shrieks of agony into sounds resembling the bellowing of a bull. It pleased Nero to adopt the machine, and it is with satisfaction we record the fact that the first person who was put to death with its aid was the fiend who designed it. He had displeased his

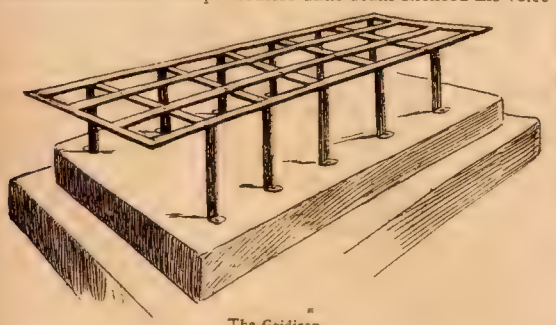
Rat Torture.

master, and Nero, only too delighted at the opportunity of testing the "bull," ordered the man to be roasted inside it.

Another form of death was even more lingering and agonising. The victim was placed, naked and bound, inside a kind of barrel, into which dozens of half-starved rats were also confined. The fierce little creatures, rendered courageous by their hunger, would immediately attack the bare flesh of their human fellow prisoner, and in a few hours he would be literally eaten up alive by them. To make sure that the rats completed their task, a door in one end of the barrel was opened at intervals, the rodents, who had gorged themselves with human flesh, were allowed their liberty, and a fresh and ravenous batch took their places.

In a recent article we described a Moorish torture, the victim of which was buried up to his neck in the sand, his head being devoured by ants and other insects. The Romans made use of a similar method to punish Christians. The sufferer was stripped, rubbed from head to foot with honey, and then chained up in the open air, and in the blazing sun, where he would be the prey of thousands of mosquitoes and other venomous insects.

Roasting to death on a gridiron was another method in use in Ancient Rome. It is recorded that Lawrence, a Roman deacon, and private secretary to the Pope, Sixtus II., was done to death in this way. Lawrence was seized by the Prefect of Rome, and ordered to deliver up the property of the Church. He was given a day to do so, and at the appointed time he appeared at the Prefect's court, surrounded by a mob of poor people, whom he described as the treasures of the Church. The poor asked for alms, and the enraged Prefect ordered Lawrence to be stripped, and to have his flesh torn to pieces by barbed rods. Lawrence, with wonderful courage, bore the terrible pain without flinching, and the Prefect, beside himself with fury because the torture had not the desired effect, then instructed the executioners to place the deacon on the gridiron, and slowly roast him until he died. The instrument consisted of an oblong iron frame, standing on legs and mounted on a stone platform. On this latter a fire was lit, and then Lawrence was laid upon the "grid." As he watched the executioners placing the hot coals under him he laughed at them, and later, when the red-hot iron was eating into his flesh, and when one side of his body was charred in a horrible manner, he is said to have cried, "One side of the roast is done enough now; you may have me turned, and begin eating as soon as you like!" The executioners piled on coals, but nothing could daunt the spirit of the sufferer, who shouted defiance at his persecutors until death silenced his voice



The Gridiron.

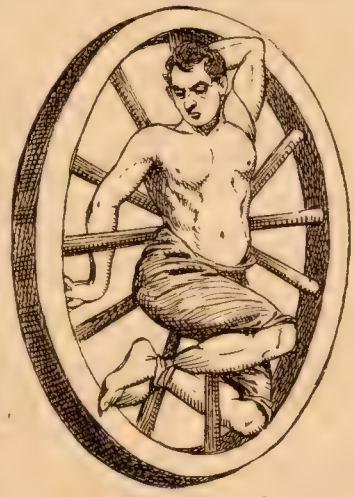
for ever, and a mass of burnt flesh and bones was all that was left on which the Prefect could vent his impotent wrath.

Sometimes, when a gridiron was not available, a chariot-wheel was used in its stead. The wheel was laid on stones, which raised it a couple of feet from the ground. The victim was then bound upon it, his arms and legs being entwined with the spokes, and, as we have already described, a fire was then lit underneath him. It is difficult to imagine a more cruel or lingering death.

Another torture in which wheels were used was applied by the Romans to Christian martyrs. Two wheels were connected together by means of a number of strips of wood. The interior was filled with stones and weights, and the unfortunate person to be killed was then bound to the connecting-rods, his body being bent almost into a circle. When all was ready the contrivance was sent rolling downhill. The unwilling passenger was crushed to death, his body being mutilated in a hideous manner.

The Romans also had a combination of wheels and rack, the effects of which were truly awful. The instrument was mounted on a shaft, to which powerful handles were attached on each side. Along the tire were a series of curved and very formidable spikes. The victim was laid naked on the tire, and securely bound. To his feet a rope was attached. This passed through a ring firmly bolted to the bed of the wheel, and was held by a number of men. When the executioners made the wheel revolve, the men holding the rope pulled with might and main. It was a kind of tug-of-war, which ended when something broke. The breaking point was the victim's body. At the handles already mentioned four powerful men—two on each side—took their stand and commenced turning with all their strength. The men holding the rope would pull against them. The result was that the spikes were thrust deep into the victim's body, tearing muscles, sinews, and arteries, and inflicting ghastly wounds. Meanwhile, the victim's body was being stretched to a fearful extent, and eventually he would be torn in two. It is recorded that even this terrible torture failed to bring a groan from the agonised martyrs.

Another illustration depicts some Roman instruments for tearing the flesh. There are the iron combs, the iron claws, hooks, and pincers, and the wounds inflicted by these terrible tools were terrible indeed. They require but little explanation, and all were used when the victim was stretched out on the Roman substitute for a rack, a machine which leaned against a wall, and upon which men and women were fastened, head-downwards. The executioners used to amuse themselves by cutting patterns on the bodies of the sufferers, and the instrument which more readily lent itself to this sort of thing was the sharply-toothed comb. Each point was kept as sharp as a razor, and naturally dug deeply into the flesh. At first, however, the torturers laid the comb on with a light hand, inflicting rows of scratches only, but, as time went on, they put more strength into each cut, and soon the victim's back would be a mass of mutilated flesh, hanging in ribbons from the bones.

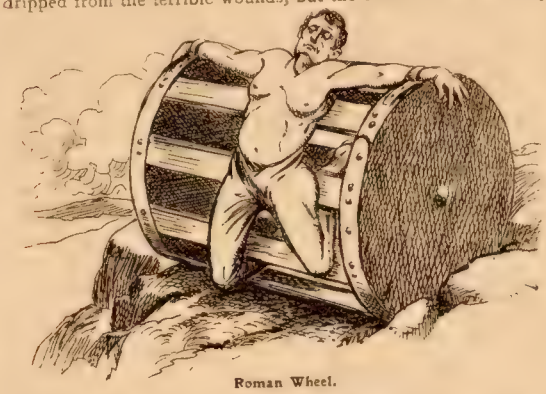


Wheel Torture.

The hooks shown were used generally to tear or break the muscles. An expert executioner would work the hook under the skin, get a grip of the muscle to be broken, and then, perhaps with an assistant to help him, would pull with might and main until his purpose was accomplished. This was a frightfully cruel punishment, and one which was constantly applied.

It is a far cry from ancient Rome to modern China; but, in the matter of torture, the two periods are linked closely together. The Chinese have always strenuously resisted the introduction into their country of the many Western creeds, and scores of missionaries who have endeavoured to enlighten the heathen have suffered horribly at their hands. We will give a few typical cases. In 1835, a French missionary, M. Marchand, was executed in Cochin China after having been cruelly tortured. After he was arrested, the cangue, a large, square board, previously described in these articles, was placed on his neck, and his offence was inscribed thereon. Then red-hot iron pincers were applied to the fleshy parts of his body, the punishment being continued for a day and night. Marchand was constantly asked to make a confession, steadfastly refused, and at length he was ordered to be put to death. The execution, however, was preceded by further torture. The missionary, with four others, was carried to a public place, and for three or four hours the

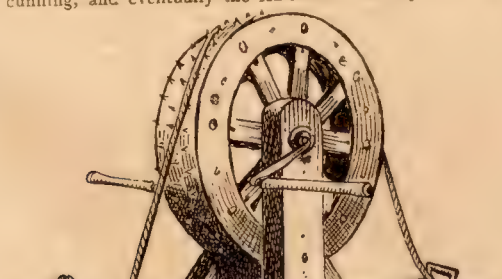
red-hot pincers were again used. Then he was carried to a Christian village, and tied to an upright stake. "Suddenly," it is recorded, "the drums beat, and large pieces of flesh from the breast of each criminal were seen lying on the ground." Blood dripped from the terrible wounds, but the executioners had only



Roman Wheel.

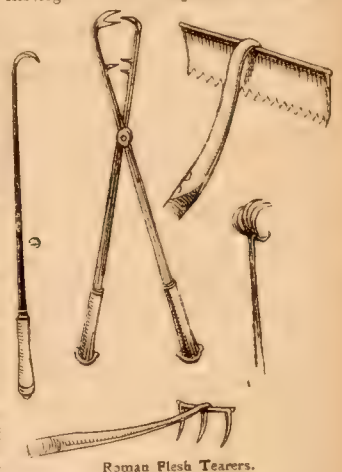
commenced their awful work, for the next day they applied their business to the missionary's legs, and cut away pieces of flesh until the bones were bared. Under this fiendish treatment Marchand died; but it had been decreed that he should be beheaded, and thus the corpse was decapitated. John Charles Cornay was, in 1837, similarly treated by the Government of Tonquin China. Cornay was carried about the country in a small bamboo cage, into which he was tightly squeezed. There was no room for him to move, and, doubled up in a frightfully-constrained position, he remained for many weeks. His arms and legs were cut off, and he was beheaded. A priest, named Borie, in the following year, after being questioned by a mandarin, was beaten in a cruel manner with a rattan cane, and each stroke caused a severe wound. These were allowed to partly heal, when the caning was repeated, so that, after four or five flagellations, the reverend gentleman's body was a mass of bleeding wounds. Borie was ordered to be beheaded, but the swordsman was drunk, and his death was a lingering one. At the first stroke the executioner lopped off one ear and inflicted a cut on his victim's jaw. At the second attempt he cut off the top of his right shoulder; whilst the third, though it fell upon the neck, only inflicted a deep gash. Seven blows were required before the head was finally severed from the body.

Reference to China brings to mind the terrible cruelties inflicted upon General Edward Forester, an American soldier of fortune, who, during the Boxer uprising of fifty years ago, commanded a small army of Chinese Imperial troops. Forester and his men were besieged by the rebels in Sing Pu, a walled city. For weeks the fighting lasted, and then at last the Boxers broke in. The soldiers were massacred to a man, and no quarter was shown; and Forester, who was in a tower of observation, knew that if he fell into the rebels' hands he would meet a much worse fate than that of his men. When the victorious Boxers demanded his surrender, he poured upon them such abuse as he imagined would bring forth a bullet, and save him from the horrors to come. But the enemy were too cunning, and eventually the American was captured. The



Wheel and Rack.

general refused to kneel before the commander of the rebels, but repeated blows at the back of his legs brought him to his knees, just as the rebel chief, one Wang, threw over him the scalding contents of a huge teapot. The boiling fluid struck Forester full in the face, and raised great blisters, which almost blinded him. The American was then thrown into a dungeon to await death. Wang devised a particularly ingenious method of killing the "foreign devil." He arranged that Forester should be wrapped in oil-soaked paper, and set on fire at nightfall, to make a living torch, the amusement to be kept up until he was reduced to cinders. Before the time fixed, however, Forester was taken to the centre of the city and bound to a stake. He was quite naked, and the crowds who thronged round him could torture him at will. Among the crowd was a fourteen-year-old son of Wang, who was smoking a silver pipe. The instinct for torture was strong within the boy, for he devised an original means of his own. Puffing upon the pipe until the bowl became red-hot, he dug it several times into the general's unprotected body. As the flesh sizzled, the crowd laughed with delight. The boy attempted the feat once too often. He got close to Forester, who drew back his legs—he was suspended to a stake by his waist, and his feet were bound together—and kicked the boy a distance of ten feet. In the uproar that followed, and during the application of the blows which this new offence invited, the boy noticed the deep, ugly wounds his torture had inflicted. Struck with remorse, he begged Forester's forgiveness, and promised to intercede for his life. This he did, and the death-sentence was annulled, but the American knew that life meant torture. An iron collar was fitted round his neck, and the chain suspended from it was fastened to the saddle of a pack-horse. It is further recorded that "Chains were bound round him, and in this manner, without clothing to protect him from the scorching sun, he was dragged over the country, the chains forcing their way through the flesh, and leaving trails of blood in the highways."



Roman Flesh Tearers.

A pint bowl of rice and milk was the portion of food allowed him. From a robust man, Forester wasted away to a mutilated, horrible skeleton. His life he owed to the son of Wang, who would steal at night to the place where he lay chained, and bring extra food to him.

For many weeks Forester was tortured in this way. In every town and village through which he passed he was chained in the principal square, whilst cruelties unprintable were inflicted upon him. He was forced to witness executions and torture, and informed that a similar fate awaited him; but, after weeks of suffering, he was released on the payment of a huge ransom. Broken in health, but dauntless in spirit, Forester lived to soundly thrash the Boxers, and amply revenge himself.

Next Week, Some Fearful Spanish Tortures will be described.

SIR THOMAS MORE, when Lord Chancellor, being pressed by the counsel of a party in litigation for a longer day to perform a decree, said, "Take Saint Barnaby's Day, the longest day in the year." That day happened in the following week.

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THE STORY OF
A RELIGIOUS MANIAC.

CHARLES FREEMAN

"Oh, that way madness lies; let me shun that."
—SHAKESPEARE, "King Lear," Act III., Sc. 4.

PORTIONS of Philadelphia, at the time of which we write—1877—were still barren and uncultivated. The primeval forest, the jungle waste, the vast and wide-stretching plain, still abounded in all their natural grandeur.

Civilisation was, of course, encroaching upon nature's domain; the plough was in the furrow and the axe in the tree, but a great deal was still left of the green, uncultivated, ancient world—the home of strange beasts and red men, the hunting-ground of the long ago banished savage, the elysium of the wild horse and the buffalo.

The white men, who had now, with a rough and primitive civilisation, taken the place of their savage forerunners, were, as is usually the case with new and thriving communities of society, drawn from every conceivable caste of the world's population. Educated men, illiterate men, young men full of hope, old men, hopeless, doctors, roughs, blacklegs, derelicts of all descriptions abounded.

In the particular district of which we write there were any number of drinking bars, gambling saloons and hells, and *one* religious man.

His name was Charles Freeman. He had formerly, it was believed, been a great sinner in Boston, but had somehow, to use his own words, "become converted," had "seen the light," and was now "saved."

He occupied a small, isolated cabin with his wife and a baby girl a few months old.

He had hardly taken up his present quarters when he started delivering lectures in the streets or any convenient open places.

He called this "preaching to the heathen."

Such an odd figure, in such an odd environment, at once attracted considerable attention, and when the stranger took up his stand without the doors of a notorious gambling saloon, and commenced preaching and quoting from an old Bible that he waved in his right hand, he speedily drew around him a large, if unsympathetic, congregation.

The gambling den was emptied of its half-tipsy customers, curious and amused with the new entertainment. Freeman exhorted his hearers to abandon their present master, the devil, to turn to God, and follow him with faith and trusting hearts.

The group of men gathered around him were at first disposed to be riotous. They laughed and jeered and attacked Freeman with verbal missiles, which he took in very good part. But it soon became apparent to the listeners that the preacher was possessed of real eloquence—he was, in fact, a wild, imaginative rhetorician—and the uncouth, half-drunken audience heard his sermon in respectful silence. From that day onward Freeman was known as "Pious Charley"; he became a great favourite with all, chiefly on account of his extraordinary personality, that compelled the flippant and the profane to listen to his utterances with respect and even attention.

His eloquence was of the blood and thunder order, uttered in streams of burning, imaginative words, poured in torrents of uninterrupted rhetoric of a kind to chill the heart and harrow the feelings upon the heads of the congregation.

Freeman delivered two or three sermons every night of his life, and he rapidly began to make converts to the primitive "religiosity" he espoused and descanted upon.

A strong man fell down on his knees before Freeman one evening, burst into passionate tears, cried out that he was a sinner, and implored the preacher to save him from hell and eternal destruction.

The Revivalist—for such we may truly term him—worked himself into an ecstasy of emotional fervour. He fell on his knees also, and, lifting up his hands to the heavens, prayed that "the devil might be expelled from his brother's tortured spirit, and that this night he might be saved, born anew to a glorious heritage in heaven amongst the saints of God." The sweat ran off his brow as he exhorted the groaning wretch by his side to wrestle with Satan and to master him in prayer.

A great gathering of townspeople, awed and wonder-struck, gazed upon the strange spectacle, not daring to interrupt the exhortations. Suddenly, the man who knelt by Freeman's side jumped up to his feet, tears in his eyes, and his whole body twitching with excitement.

"Saved! saved! saved!" he shrieked. "I feel it! I know it! I am born again!" He began to caper about wildly, like a mad priest of some heathen faith testifying his piety by snake-like contortions, his entire being consumed in a frenzy of emotional excitement.

"Glory! glory! glory!" shouted Freeman. "Long Alf is saved! God be praised! He is rescued from the fires of hell!"

He began to dance, too, and presently the whole gathering caught the infection, and danced through the streets, crying, "Glory! glory! glory! Long Alf is saved—rescued from the fires of hell!"

From that day "Long Alf" became an earnest and constant disciple and supporter of "Pious Charley."

The two men became inseparable, and those who before had considered the diverting possibilities in an attack upon Freeman refrained from such an enterprise from fear of "Long Alf's" ready arm and his recognised skill with a six-chambered revolver.

If, as we have said, Freeman's personality was attractive and exceptional, his person was even more extraordinary. He was fairly tall, but very thin; his hair, which he wore long, was raven black; his face was pale and emaciated; his nose hooked like the beak of a bird, and his eyes sunken, but of a brilliance that is seldom seen.

They sparkled and glowed when he was excited like little balls of fire, and, together with his bony, spare form and a cadaverous visage, gave him at times a most weird and unearthly appearance.

Such, then, was the central figure of this strange and lamentable history.

It is a truism that a man possessed of one overmastering, darling idea stands in danger of becoming possessed, instead of being the possessor. It was so with Charles Freeman, for, as time went on, and his spiritual successes multiplied, it became apparent to all that his eccentricities increased, developing into a possessing mania.

Many began to fear that the man was no longer normal. He pretended to visions, complained that devils and impish satellites of Satan caroused without his door at night, and attempted his damnation, and he was forced to pray from sunset to dawn, so as to render their machinations futile and confound their casuistry. He insisted that when the cock crowed they fled and disbanded, uttering yells of hatred and malice against his unconquered soul.

He also declared that angels visited him at times in answer to his prayers, and drove the impish host away in recreant terror with flaming swords. But, strangest of all, his wife swore to the truth of these declarations, and insisted that she also witnessed these nocturnal visitations and battles between the hordes of hell and the battalions of heaven.

People began to look askance at one another, and to suggest that the Freemans had a "slate loose in the thatch," but "Long Alf" still believed in the word of his master, and fully credited his descriptions of the contests between the villainous companies of Satan and the radiant hosts of the Lord.

Soon afterwards Freeman declared abroad that he had been visited by the Almighty himself, and had been told in the course of a conversation that followed that he would

never die, but would be borne up in good time to heaven on a flaming steed with wings of white fire.

This horrible blasphemy was too much even for those credulous individuals who had swallowed the devils story, and Freeman was discredited and pitied as a lunatic. "Long Alf" was the last to leave him, but when he insisted that he had shaken hands with the Creator of mankind the faithful disciple of "Pious Charley" sorrowfully bade him adieu, and henceforth the two men's ways through life were divergent.

Freeman's wife still believed in him, and went so far as to assert that she herself participated in the visions and nocturnal celebrations that her husband swore took place beneath his roof.

Like her husband, she was inclined to be thin and angular in stature, and she was possessed of all his fanaticism without a tenth part of the magnetic fascination that made his personality so uncommonly attractive, and which had completely subdued and immersed her mind and whatever private reasoning faculties she originally owned.

Indeed, she was but a pale shadow of her husband's character, without will, thought, or judgment, her individuality completely swallowed up in his stronger nature.

As has been said, this strange couple had one child, a baby girl, now grown to be three years old. The little daughter, whose name was Edith, was generally supposed to be her father's crowning joy at the precise time of which we are writing. We have no doubt that such was the case, and that Edith was the one great delight the green old earth had yielded him, his pleasures being of a mystic and dream-spun variety. The mystic, as a rule, is a harmless individual; his temperament exalts him above the sorrow and the travail of this world; he spends his days in weaving rainbows and conversing with the stars—occupations that in themselves are harmless—but should the mystic, the impassioned dreamer, possess a practical side to his character, then he becomes a danger and a menace to society.

Napoleon is a concrete instance of this abstract theory. He was a blind visionary, with a genius for action, and he watered continents with human blood.

All this brings us back to Freeman, a mystic and dreamer of the most extravagant order who, unfortunately, was so sincere in his beliefs, so certain of the actuality of his visions, that he sought to demonstrate their genuineness by practically obeying their imaginary dictates, and the outcome of his so doing is the horrible tragedy we are about to relate.

Freeman, as we know, was now a discredited prophet amongst his fellow-townspeople, and possessed but one follower—his ever-faithful and trusting wife.

His fall from the high regard of his fellows, which he had earned by his undoubted piety, and which he had lost by the overbalancing of his strange brain, he attributed to the agency of the devil. The enemy of mankind, he argued, had so far testified to his excellent service in the Lord's army as to single him out for personal combat, and had dishonoured him in the eyes of the faithful, and was busy smiting him hip and thigh with all his evil power and satanic energy.

"I am but human, and the devil is a dread and mighty

(Drawn from a photograph.)

THE FREEMAN FAMILY SAVED FROM THE LYNCHERS.

spirit," argued Freeman, "therefore it is certain that I shall not vanquish him single-handed; the interposition of God alone can save me, and that can only be accomplished by a miracle. If a miracle is accomplished, those who now mock me will believe; the devil will be discomfited, and will flee, and I reign here in his stead to the glory and the honour of the Lord."

Having thus come to the perfectly reasonable conclusion that nothing but a miracle could restore him to his former position amongst the townspeople, he set to work determining what manner of miracle it would be best to adopt. He sought spiritual guidance in this matter, fasted for days, and prayed for hours. He was heard moaning and shrieking through the night, uttering maledictions on the devil, and crying out to God to appoint a miracle that he might work in the unbelieving sight of his former followers. Those who were startled by hearing the wild words as they passed the fanatic's house said that "Pious Charley" was madder than ever—which was true—and thought no more about the matter; for had the unhappy Freeman been placed under immediate restraint, the terrible catastrophe that followed would have been averted, and a young and beautiful life saved.

Early one morning, at the hour when the east began to

tremble with the birth of day, Mrs. Freeman was awakened from her sleep by her husband's voice calling from the foot of the bed.

Freeman was clad in his night attire, his long black hair hung in disordered clusters about his face, the expression of which was indescribably wild.

He was evidently in a state of the utmost excitement, extending his long, sinewy arms over his wife, and bidding her in sepulchral tones to arise and join him in a prayer of thanksgiving.

"For know this night," he continued, "the Lord has been pleased to grant my long and fervent prayers. I have asked for a miracle and He has given me one. To-night He came down to me in a cloud of fire, and asked me what was the dearest thing I possessed on earth. 'My daughter,' I said. 'Then,' said the Lord, 'slay her without fear, sacrifice her body that is merely gross and material, and on the third day following her death be sure she shall rise again, a spirit of unutterable beauty, diffusing from her presence a holy light, before which all shall bow down and worship. And she shall become the first creature of the earth.'"

The startled wife sprang from her bed with a scream of terror, and running to the little cot where slumbered the little girl, stood over the sleeping form of her child in an attitude of protection.

"My child! no, no! not my child!" she cried. "Slay me if you will, but not my child, my Edith!"

"You would disobey the will of God, woman, you would snatch from our loved one the glorious inheritance that awaits," thundered Freeman, and, snatching his wife's arm, he dragged her away from the child's side, forced her to her knees, and commenced to pour forth a wild torrent of incoherent prayer.

His wife joined him, her thin treble mingling with the sterner accents of his voice, and so, together, swaying, weeping, shouting, sobbing, they prayed and prayed to God to know if it was indeed His will that their little daughter should be slain.

The rosy splendours of the waking morn streamed through the window upon the benighted pair, and Freeman shouted, "A sign! a sign! she dies to live again!" He threw open the window and let the keen, fresh breath of the early day blow upon his burning forehead, and his wife, with tears flowing down her cheeks, came to his side and joined his hands with hers.

"Yes, yes, I believe!" she cried. "I believe it is God's will that Edith shall die, but shall rise again on the third day, a glory to the world."

In the afternoon Freeman took his Bible and went into the town; there on the spot where he generally preached he commenced to harangue the few people who had the time to listen to his mad utterances.

"Ye who have doubted me, have mocked and scorned me, ye who have spurned me from you as a madman shall this day behold a miracle that I will perform, a miracle such as none have known within our days. I have a child, a daughter, the delight of my eyes and the blessing of my life. To-night, with my own hands, I will slay her, and on the third day from this she shall arise again and walk amongst you, and testify to the power God has lent to me, and all seeing her shall believe."

He said this, and then, putting on his hat, returned home.

Those who had heard him discredited his intention to try and fulfil his wild promise, they simply shrugged their shoulders and said to each other that "Pious Charley was madder than ever."

Freeman, on arriving home, carefully washed himself, and then closed and barred all the windows and doors. He changed his outdoor garments for a long, loose white robe, and then, taking a carving knife from the kitchen dresser, sharpened it on a whetstone. His wife, also clad in white, undressed the little prattling innocent who was to be sacrificed to the crazed fancy of a madman's brain.

Then the mother kissed the child tenderly on the mouth, and told her to say her prayers.

Little Edith obeyed, kneeling, and lisping her familiar supplications to the Almighty Father of the human race, while her mother and father, the latter with his right arm bare to the elbow, and already grasping the instrument of sacrifice, stood over her and prayed in concord.

Then the father kissed the child tenderly on the mouth, and took her into his arms.

"Lord, I obey Thee," he cried, and then drew the sharp, gleaming knife across the infant's soft round throat. One short, half-stifled sob, and a twitch of the tiny limbs, and that was all. The keen-edged blade sank deeply into the flesh; twice Freeman drew it across the piteous little victim's neck, and then threw the sacrificial instrument to the ground.

The mother, pale and trembling, but muttering prayers, and otherwise collected enough, held in her hands a large empty vase, and into this the blood of the child was poured. When Freeman thought that all the blood had been drained from the body, he placed it upon the table, face upwards, and taking up the knife, again drove the glittering blade between the baby's breasts, deep into the wood of the table, thus transfixing the body to the improvised altar.

As he did so, he heard a scream from without the kitchen window, to which they had omitted to put up the shutters.

"The devil! the devil!" shouted Freeman, dancing and waving his gory hands and blood-wet arms. "He screams, he flies! Lo, I have defeated him." He put up the shutters to the window, and barred them, and then, taking his wife's hands, began to chant a hymn.

Poor demented souls! They swayed in each other's arms, beat time to the rhythm of the tune with their feet, and sang and shouted in the wild exultation of their crazy joy.

They danced and sang above the dead body of their murdered child, they kissed the still warm lips, and closed the staring eyes, and then danced and sang again.

All night long they knelt by the table, and prayed now and again, bursting into psalms and familiar hymns. When they were thirsty, they passed the vase containing the blood of their child to each other, and drank of it.

Did ever dawn break forth upon so strange a scene!

The body of the slaughtered infant transfixed to the centre of the table by the long knife, the two dimly burning candles lighting up the faces of that mad, white-robed pair, whose bloody lips moved in continual prayer.

It will be remembered that when Freeman had finished the deed of death, he was startled by hearing a scream that was evidently uttered without the kitchen window, and that he said it was the devil crying out in his discomfiture.

It was not the devil, but a young townsman who had listened to the crazy preacher's wild words that afternoon, and who, being more curious, and, to some extent, more credulous than his companions, had come to spy on Freeman's movements, and to ascertain if possible what he intended doing.

This young man arrived on the scene just in time to behold Freeman driving the knife through the child's body into the table. Involuntarily he shrieked at the horror of the spectacle, and the next thing he beheld was the unearthly form of Freeman peering out of the window into the night with his mad, shining eyes, as he closed the shutters with his dripping hands.

That was the last thing the young fellow saw before he lost consciousness, and fell to the ground fainting. When he recovered, the night was already far advanced.

He shivered in the cold, windy darkness, looked up at the twinkling stars that studded the blue dome of heaven, and then—he remembered. The child, the knife, the dancing murderer, and the watching mother! No, no, it must all be some horrible dream, some drunken nightmare that was torturing him with its delusions. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. He heard voices singing a hymn, and then joining in a prayer. Silence followed. Then a man's voice said:

"Drink the blood, drink from the sacrificial cup the holy wine."

It was true! The scene he had witnessed was no garish nightmare of a disordered brain, but an actual happening.

Somehow or other, he never quite remembered how, he walked, or rather crawled, back to the town. He hammered at the door of the first house he came to. A head was poked out of an upstairs window, and an aggrieved voice inquired his business.

"Come down! come down! 'Pious Charley' has murdered his child, and is drinking her blood and singing hymns!"

"You're mad!" said the man from the window.

"I'm not!"

"Then you're drunk!"

He shut the window with a bang. After an hour's knocking at several houses the young fellow succeeded in getting someone to listen to him.

He detailed the hideous details of the awful scene he had witnessed, and his companion, struck by the circumstantial account of the matter that his friend was able to give and the terror depicted on the young fellow's countenance, decided to arouse some other acquaintances. Dawn had broken, when a party of twenty men, armed with rifles, set off for Freeman's house. When they arrived there they demanded admittance, which was denied.

"It is said you have killed your child," said the spokesman of the party, shouting through the keyhole of the door.

"It is true!" answered Freeman in a sepulchral tone. "Blessed be God, on the third day she will arise again! Disturb me not, for we must pray!"

Consternation and astonishment at this unexpected confirmation of the terrible news they had heard fell upon the group.

They banged at the door, belaboured it with blows from their sticks and the butt ends of their rifles.

But Freeman took no notice. Now and again they heard his voice, mingled with the shrill treble of his wife, in some hymn, but no response could they get to their repeated demands for admission.

Freeman was terrified lest they should force an entrance.

"If they disturb us they will spoil the miracle, and our child will be dead for ever," he told his wife, and accordingly loaded all the firearms in the house, ready for any emergencies

By night-time the crowd without the stricken dwelling had swelled to hundreds.

At last the young men started firing at the windows, in the hope of terrorising Freeman into submission.

He had bored a hole through the front door and others through the window-shutters, and the only reply the crowd got to its volley was a rifle-bullet in the shoulder of "Long Alf," who stood in their midst.

The local police had now arrived on the scene in a strong body, and an extraordinary scene followed.

The crowd, composed of the townspeople, were all for lynching Freeman, while the police had orders to secure him alive.

With howls and execrations the crowd fired indiscriminately at the windows of the house, hoping to set the woodwork on fire. The police, in their turn, drove them back, but so enraged were the populace and so violent in their anger that the officers of justice were compelled to fire upon them with ball cartridge. While this was progressing without the house, within Freeman was dancing round the body of his murdered baby, in company with his wife.

"Glory! glory! glory!" he screamed. "She will arise, will be a spirit of light, and great upon the earth! Oh, thank the Lord for the miracle!"

Smash! A bullet penetrated into the room and shattered the vase containing the now cold blood of the murdered girl.

Freeman was bespattered from head to foot, literally drenched in the blood of his victim; but he cared not.

He knelt down by the table and wept and prayed for Edith to arise, so that he might take her hand and show her, re-arisen, to the unbelievers without.

And this continued for two days. The police had driven the mob to a safe distance, and calmly awaited the turn of events.

Starvation, they argued, would bring Freeman to submission.

On the evening of the third day they heard the bolts of the door withdrawn. In a moment they were in readiness for their capture. An extraordinary figure walked out into their arms.

Freeman, clad in the long, white garment, now torn and half-covered in bloodstains, with his hair matted and bedraggled, his face haggard, and his eyes lit with the light of incurable madness, stalked out of the door, sobbing and wringing his hands.

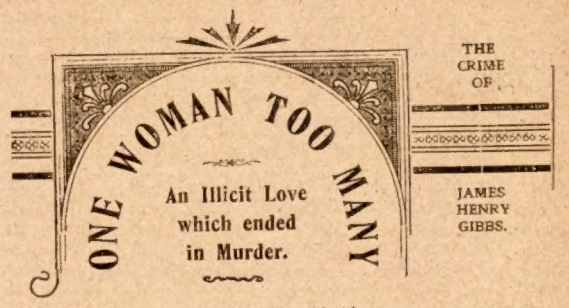
"The third day," he moaned, "and she has not arisen again! Oh, why has God not kept His word?"

His wife followed him, and exhorted him to believe that the miracle would be worked in the Lord's good time.

The miserable couple were promptly secured by the police, and were forthwith conveyed to New York. This was no easy matter, for the public were enraged to the point of fury, and frequent attempts were made to seize the Freemans from the hands of the authorities and lynch them.

These endeavours on the part of the populace, however, all failed. The Freemans were soon afterwards incarcerated in a lunatic asylum, where, shortly afterwards, they both died.

DANIEL JURRIL, the Hibernian punster, going along where a great mob of persons were assembled to see a culprit pass to his execution at Tyburn, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, what was the name of the felon to be hanged. He answered, "One Vowel." "Ah," said Jurril, "do you know which of them it is, for there are several of that name?" "Well," said the wag, "I am very glad of it that it is neither U nor I."



"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."
—GAY, "The Beggar's Opera," Act II.

THERE was one woman too many in the life of James Henry Gibbs, and that woman was she who should have been the very light of his existence.

It is the old and oft-repeated story of a woman's sacrifice and a man's frailty, of unswerving love and devotion on the one hand, and on the other of utter selfishness and a desperate resolve to get rid of the barrier which stood between the man and the object of his passions.

James Gibbs, in the year 1871, was a young butler in a country house in Hampshire. Fairly good-looking, and smart in appearance, he had no lack of sweethearts, but one in particular seemed to catch his fancy, and she was Susan Ingram, an attractive girl, with a comely figure and quiet demeanour, who occupied a position in the same household. They became engaged, and, with an early marriage in view, Gibbs resolved to better himself, and kept an eye on the advertisements in the daily papers. One day, unfortunately for himself, he read of a berth which seemed likely to suit him.

The squire of Llanrumney Hall was in want of a butler, who must be a single man. Gibbs filled the bill in that respect, applied for the situation, and obtained it. As soon as possible he left Hampshire, parting with great regret from Susan, and in a few weeks was installed at the Hall, where his work gave every satisfaction.

How thoughts of murder could enter the mind of any man situate as Gibbs was is past comprehension.

Llanrumney Hall, a noble mansion, stands on a wooded eminence in one of the loveliest spots in beautiful Monmouthshire. Stretching away on all sides were fertile valleys, in all the glory of summer foliage. The hills in the distance, crowned with a purple halo, and the kaleidoscopic tints of the uplands, composed a picture of which poets might dream; while away in the distance, like a silver streak gleaming in the sun, was the Bristol Channel, with its ever moving panorama of ships passing up and down.

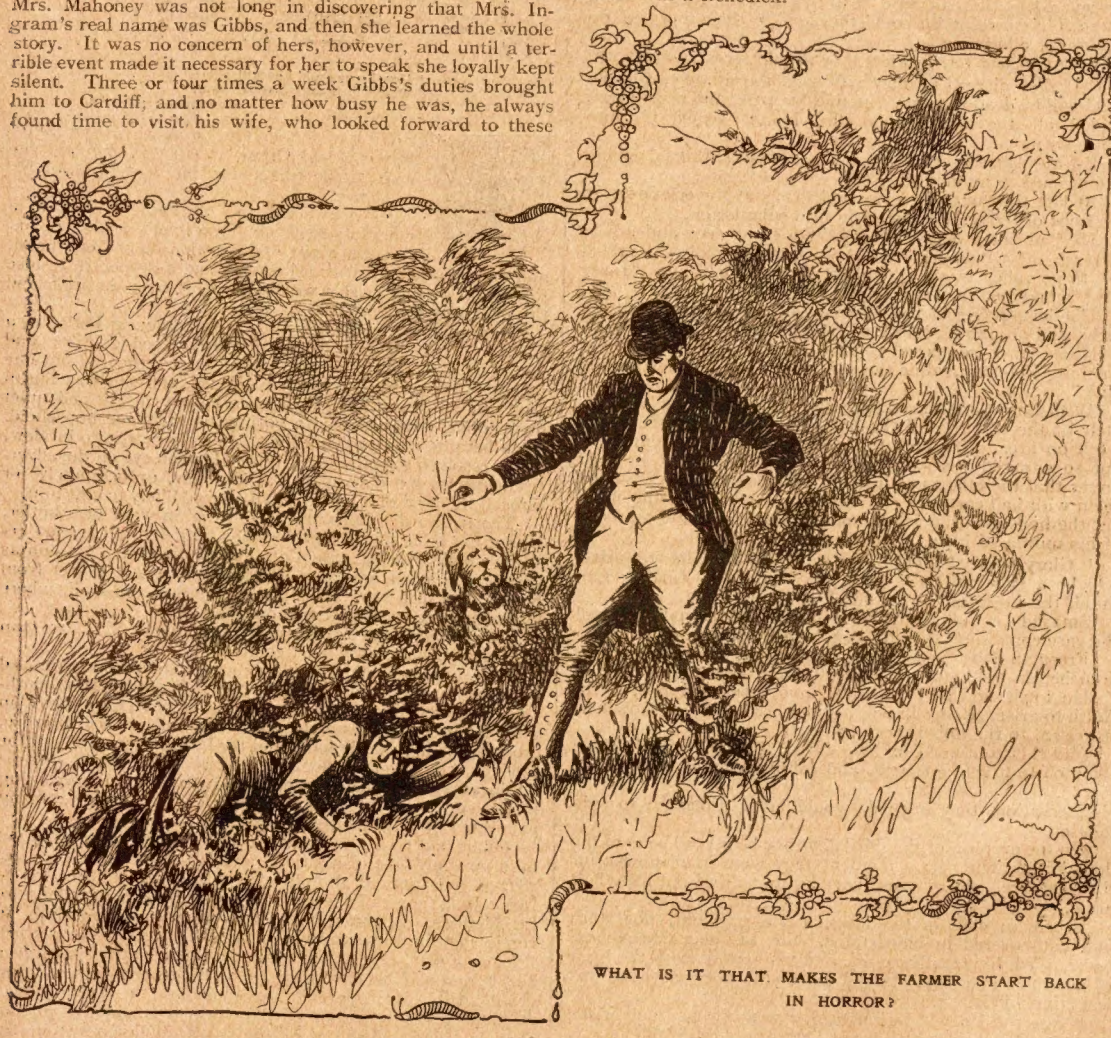
Gibbs had plenty to do at the Hall, but his duties did not take up the whole of his time, and in the first few weeks of 1872 it was noticed that he was paying great attention to Mary Jones, one of the girls of the neighbouring village of St. Mellons. Acquaintances soon ripen into friendships in rustic communities, and where the two sexes are concerned, it is, as a rule, not long before the attachment becomes even closer, and it is not surprising, then, to find that in a very few months Gibbs was generally looked upon as the accepted lover of Mary Jones, who, we may remark, was engaged at that time as a barmaid in one of the many public-houses in the village. He even took the girl to Richmond and introduced her to his family as his future wife.

It would appear that Gibbs had forgotten Susan Ingram. On the contrary, he continued to pay her the most lover-like attention, and all the while the most affectionate letters were passing between them. Thus matters went on until July, 1873, when Gibbs took a short holiday. He journeyed to Jersey, whither Susan had gone some time before, and from that place he indited love letters to Mary Jones, and described how he was enjoying the change. Naturally, he made no mention of the interesting event which took place in Jersey on July 30th. On the morning of that day James Henry Gibbs and Susan Ingram were made man and wife. A week's honeymoon followed, and then the newly-married pair arrived in Cardiff. Gibbs knew that he would lose his situation if the news of his marriage reached Llanrumney Hall, and instead of taking his wife to St. Mellons, he found lodgings for her in a little street right in the heart of the Welsh metropolis, which was some four miles from the Hall.

The lodgings were kept by a generous-hearted old Irishwoman, one Mrs. Mahoney, who learned that the new-

comers were "Mr. and Mrs. Ingram," and was told some story of the husband being a traveller who was constantly away from home. With Mrs. Mahoney Gibbs left his wife comfortably installed and in an hour or so reappeared in his pantry at the Hall still as a bachelor, and still the accepted lover of Mary Jones.

Mrs. Gibbs soon won the heart of her good old landlady. The young wife's amiable disposition and industrious habits commended themselves to the thrifty and eminently respectable Mrs. Mahoney, who was loud in her praise of her new lodger, and spent many an hour chatting to her. Now, landladies have a peculiar knack of worming out secrets, and Mrs. Mahoney was not long in discovering that Mrs. Ingram's real name was Gibbs, and then she learned the whole story. It was no concern of hers, however, and until a terrible event made it necessary for her to speak she loyally kept silent. Three or four times a week Gibbs's duties brought him to Cardiff, and no matter how busy he was, he always found time to visit his wife, who looked forward to these occasions with all the impatience that a loving heart is capable of.



WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES THE FARMER START BACK IN HORROR?

So the weeks and months passed, and the only apparent cloud to mar the happiness of the young couple was the qualification which made it necessary for Gibbs to pose as a single man.

Gibbs, it is scarcely necessary to say, was now leading a double life. Everyone at Llanrumney and St. Mellons believed him to be a bachelor. Only his wife and the landlady in Cardiff knew him to be a married man. So far as Mrs. Gibbs was concerned, the duplicity at Llanrumney was nothing. It meant that her husband was in an excellent situation, which might lead to something even better, and then they might be able to live together. She was thus content to put up with the separation, but she exacted full tribute, and every day that Gibbs did not visit Cardiff brought a letter from him to his wife—letters which the woman took great interest in, and which for that reason must have been of the most affectionate character.

Mrs. Gibbs did not dream that her husband was also deceiving her, and thus leading a triple life. She never thought that whilst posing as a single man he would go to the extreme and give a semblance of truth to the impersonation by courting the barmaid. But so it was. Much of his spare time he spent in the bar-room, dawdling over his drink, and whispering sweet nothings to the Hebe who coaxed up the beer from the barrels in the cellar. The courtship ran smoothly until one day the girl asked Gibbs if he was a married man. Some suspicion had entered her mind. A casual word let drop by her lover might have started the train of thought but her doubts were swept away when Gibbs indignantly denied that he was a Benedick.

It was a pity she did not know the true state of affairs.

But a few miles away, and this picture was always at the back of Gibbs's brain, there was a woman in the little room at the Cardiff lodging-house counting the hours to the time of her husband's next visit, and living only in the remembrance of the last hours spent in his company. Mrs. Gibbs, as we have indicated, was devotedly attached to her husband. All her talk was of him and his ways. All her plans for the future centred round him. She spent her time thinking of him and planning pleasant little surprises for him to receive when he visited her.

But Gibbs had forgotten the vows he pledged at the altar in Jersey. With his wife's consent he called himself a bachelor, and he argued to himself, why should he not be one in reality. So he pretended, and so he encompassed his doom.

The weeks drew out into months. Gibbs was as constant in his visits to his wife as he was to the charmer in the village ale-house. His letters arrived at the Cardiff lodging-house with unfailing punctuality—he carried out his duties to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

Gibbs was manifestly pleased with himself, and would probably have remained so indefinitely, but one day his wife broached a subject which set his brain working to an ominous end. She was tired of living in Cardiff, and wanted to be near him. Could he not get her lodgings at St. Mellons, she asked. There was no danger. She could live there as his sister and no one need be any the wiser.

Vainly he pointed out the danger of such a move. He argued that they were bound to be found out, and that his dismissal would be the consequence.

But the woman had made up her mind. At each of his visits she returned to the subject, and appealed to her husband to rent some rooms for her in the village. Gradually doubts crept into Gibbs's mind. Could she by any possible chance have heard of his love-making at St. Mellons? he asked himself over and over again, but without result, until one day his wife asked him in a letter if there was another woman. He replied emphatically as follows :

"About my going to St. Mellons, Susan, I beg of you never to tell me of that again. I am a married man now, and what do I want with another young woman?"

She believed him apparently, but persisted in her appeal to be allowed to live at St. Mellons, and the man became alarmed and terror-stricken. His love for his wife had long vanished. His heart was with the barmaid at St. Mellons. He remembered the old adage that nothing can exceed the rage of a woman scorned, and knowing that if the slightest hint of the fact that he was married reached his employer he would lose his berth Gibbs planned a way out of his difficulties.

Next time he saw his wife she renewed her appeal, and to all appearances very reluctantly he gave way and announced that he would find a cottage for her at St. Mellons.

From now events happened with startling rapidity. Two or three days later Gibbs, on one of his usual visits to his wife, told her that he had made arrangements for her to live at St. Mellons, and that he would take her there the next day. So the poor woman made her arrangements, seemingly only too happy to be able to live closer to the man she loved, and at the appointed time she set out for St. Mellons. She commenced her journey at 6.30 on the evening of May 12, 1874, telling her landlady that if she did not return by 11 p.m. no one was to sit up for her. Mrs. Gibbs never returned. No one who knew her ever saw her alive again.

She took the road out of the town—a favourite walk with lovers—traversed the picturesque beach, and crossed the Rumney River, the dividing line between Wales and England.

About this time Gibbs left Llanrumney Hall and walked towards Cardiff. It was a glorious spring evening. In the meadows on either hand ewes were calling to their lambs, sounds which doubtless beat into Gibbs's brain when a few months later he lay in the condemned cell at Usk Gaol awaiting his death—for a lost sheep first set the law on his track.

Exactly what happened that night will never be known. About nine o'clock Gibbs was seen in altercation with a woman, who was dressed in garments similar to those worn by Mrs. Gibbs when she left Cardiff. At 1.30 the next morning the cook at Llanrumney Hall was awakened by stones being thrown at her window. Looking out she saw Gibbs. The coachman let him in, but Gibbs did not go to bed that night, and next morning it was noticed that he was washing a pair of trousers and cleaning them with benzine.

Gibbs pursued the even tenor of his way. No change was noticed in his demeanour; he continued to carry out his duties satisfactorily, and he paid great attention to the barmaid at the village public-house. His visits to Cardiff on business were as regular as heretofore, and he even called at the house of Mrs. Mahoney, where some of his wife's things remained, to take a few articles out to his wife. That is what he told Mrs. Mahoney, but the keen eyes of the Irishwoman discovered that all he carried away was a few letters which he himself had written to his wife at Llanrumney Hall. In answer to Mrs. Mahoney's inquiries he described Mrs. Gibbs as being "rather poorly, but quite enjoying life at St. Mellons." He even pictured his wife's daily round—how she took walks in the countryside and paid visits to some of her neighbours, with whom she had quickly struck up an acquaintance. She was quite happy and contented now that she was near him.

There was nothing to raise Mrs. Mahoney's suspicions, and Gibbs brought many messages to her from his wife, and Mrs. Mahoney sent many replies.

On the other hand, he wrote to his wife's niece, saying : "Your aunt . . . is very ill, I think rather worse than when I wrote last." Towards the end of the month he told Mrs. Mahoney that his wife had gone to Reading.

On May 26 he went to Cardiff with Mary Jones, and gave notice to the Registrar of their intention to get married. He described himself as a bachelor, and signed the paper in his proper name. In the evening the pair went to a circus.

A few days pass, and a St. Mellons farmer, on his evening round, on June 3, misses a sheep from the fold. A whistle, and his dog is at his heels. "Go seek!" cries the man; and away over the field races the sagacious animal. Here, there, and everywhere, with the farmer shouting encouragement, the dog runs, but no sheep is found, and from field to field the pair go pursuing their search, and with the pertinacity of their respective breeds. A sheep is lost, and must be found. The dog noses into the gullies and dingles. The farmer waits for him to give tongue, and announce that the missing animal is found.

Then down the wind comes the dog's sharp bark. The farmer hastens his steps, and reaching the dog, peers into a bush-enclosed dingle, in and out of which his faithful assistant is frantically rushing. The farmer looks for the white fleece of the lost sheep, but nothing catches his eye, and, chiding the dog for having made a mistake, commences to walk away. He whistles to the dog, but it has no effect; the collie remains at the dingle. Again the farmer looks into the trench, and sees nothing. But by this time the dog's actions have impressed him. He slips down the bank, and finds himself in pitch darkness. He fumbles in his pocket, and in another moment the fickle light of a match partly illuminates the scene. What is it that makes the farmer start back in horror?

A bundle of rags? No; a woman lying motionless in the rank vegetation of the dingle. Another match shines out in the gloom; the farmer bends down, and, as he feared, touches a corpse.

Quickly he scrambles up the bank to the clearer air of the open meadow, and, leaving his dog to guard the spot, he hastens to the little county police-station, close to the public-house, where even now Gibbs is making love to the barmaid.

Soon the body of the poor woman lies in the village mortuary.

It is only too evident that she has been murdered. Her clothes are drenched with blood, and the horribly decomposed condition of the corpse does not hide the gaping wound in the neck through which the woman's life had departed. One leg is bare, shoe and stocking having been torn off when the body had been dragged across the field and thrown into the dingle.

Next day the news of the tragedy travels far and wide, the remains are identified as those of Susan Ann Gibbs, and the whole sordid story is laid bare.

Gibbs is arrested, and stoutly protests his innocence; but a coroner's jury brings in a verdict of wilful murder against him.

The next act in the tragedy is played at Monmouth Assizes. In the quaint old court Gibbs stands in the dock, on trial for his life.

The story of his two loves is told, with a wealth of detail, and though the defence tried to prove that the woman died by her own hand, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge passed sentence of death. Gibbs left the dock, sobbing piteously.

Three weeks later, on August 24, he died on the scaffold within the precincts of Usk Gaol, still protesting his innocence. He died a coward, as he had lived. Directly Marwood commenced to pinion him, Gibbs began to howl bitterly. The little procession started from the condemned cell to the execution shed. Gibbs collapsed utterly. His legs refused to carry him, and he had literally to be dragged to the drop. His moans and cries almost drowned the voice of the chaplain reading the impressive burial service of the Church of England. It was a dreadful scene. As he stood on the drop Gibbs plucked up courage to make a little speech in reply to the governor of the gaol's question as to whether, for the last time, he had anything to say. "God bless you all!" in sobbing accents, came from the dying man. "God forgive me, for these and other sins! It is a happy thing for me to know that I die innocent. God bless my dear parents! Good-bye all!"

In a moment the white cap was drawn over the prisoner's face, and the rope adjusted. Marwood stepped aside, and saw all was right. The next instant the lever was pulled, and Gibbs passed out of sight with a sickening thud. There was a slight quiver of the rope, one or two convulsive twitchings of the hands, and the murderer had passed into eternity, there to answer the question, "Are you guilty of dying with a lie on your lips?"

Criminal Problems

THE JUVENILE OFFENDER AND HIS TREATMENT.

THERE is, perhaps, no more difficult problem placed before criminologists than the effective treatment of juvenile offenders. The very condition of their immature intellects, cut off from all experience, only able to realise the sordid surroundings amidst which they have been brought up, and only understanding a thrashing with a buckled belt, is of itself productive of the juvenile criminal, who, unless rescued, will assuredly develop into the Hooligan. We speak, of course, of the average child who finds himself brought before the magistrate, charged with some breach of his country's laws, though there are a few—happily, a very few—children brought up in comfort and affluence who appear to be radically bad.

Whether this is the direct result of heredity, or whether the product of degeneration, it is not for us to inquire here; what we have to do is to consider the treatment of the class which is most predominant, and of the causes which bring about the condition, at once the most pitiful and the biggest blot on our country.

Parental influence, undoubtedly, may be taken as the first cause of the existence of the juvenile offender. His parents are bad, unprincipled folk—therefore, he is bad. From his infancy he learns nothing of the paths of rectitude, nothing of any moral obligations; his only desire being to cheat the law if he can do so. His earliest beginnings generally take the form of trying to get the better of his companions, and to deceive his parents. Possibly he is ill-fed, and the temptation to steal a little to stave off the pangs of hunger is too much for him. Then comes the natural fear that the result of his pilfering will be taken from him by an equally hungry father, leading him to hoodwink his parents, trusting thereby that he will have sufficient food to supplement his furtive meal.

This class of the juvenile offender is generally the product of sheer neglect. Had the child been fed, then the temptation to steal would have been less, and the gnawing agonies of hunger would not have added another to the list of charges at the nearest police court.

Another factor which goes towards making youthful criminals is example. Parents who themselves are lax in their morals are bound, sooner or later, to infect their children with the same want of principle. A knowledge of right and wrong is not inherent in a child's mind. What his parents and relations do he thinks that he should do.

Of the definite training of children to criminal habits we need not speak here, for the only real remedy for that awful stain on our social life is the reformation of the grown-up person. That once effected, the schools for child-thieves will vanish.

Now, what should be the treatment of the erring mites—these lost lambs who have been caught in their premier transgression?

In the first place, they should be rigidly excluded from prison, where they will only become more contaminated, and where they will learn that gaol life is not nearly so terrible as they have imagined it to be. The Rev. Horsley, Chaplain for many years to Coldbath Fields Prison, once pertinently remarked, "A boy who has neither been birched nor imprisoned will prefer the former if he has a choice; a boy who has had an experience of both will certainly prefer prison." This is easily comprehended. The child, who, as a rule, finds his way into our courts, has been hardly brought up, has suffered the pangs of hunger, and has been treated with harshness during the greater portion of his life. To him the period in prison, awful as it appears from outside, is really not at all a bad time when he gets there, and he loses the deterrent influence inspired by fear. He acquires a contempt for our regulation punishment, and, having never known anything better, regards prison as a more comfortable existence than his previous life at home. He becomes a confirmed gaol-bird, heedless as to whether he is incarcerated or at liberty, save that, as he gets older, the latter condition permits him to give a little license to his passions and tastes.

This state is rapidly being done away with. Where it is certain that a child has a fairly respectable parent, then the administration of a birching will often serve to keep him out of the precincts of a police court again; but where his relations are not to be relied upon, the only place for him is the Reformatory or the Industrial School.

"But," you may remark, "a child can be taught the elements of moral conduct in prison." True, he can; but he will not listen to them. Transport him to one of the Industrial Schools, teach him to play games, and to enjoy a good, healthy life, give him sound food for body and soul, and then his heart will be open to listen to the chaplain or to an elder boy, a mode of instruction which is much more lasting. He will leave the school with no taint on him, fitted to take some position in the world, fully equipped to gain his livelihood in an honest employment.

We do not advocate coddling criminal youth. If the boys are naughty, they must be chastised by a temperate master, and by a master specially fitted to gain their respect. In other words, they must be ruled by a man well-fitted to take the place and fulfil the duties which the children's own parents should have done, and have neglected.

This form of treatment is successful, to a certain extent, at present; but its main fault lies in the injudicious selection of those who are to have the young lives to train. The post of principal in an Industrial School, or in a Reformatory, should only be entrusted to the most experienced and winning men. A little kindness will go farther than any amount of strictness. Discipline must be maintained, but the wise master will know when to relax a little, to avoid an outbreak from a high-spirited boy, whose whole career might be blighted by one harsh word.

Girls should be placed under the care of matrons who have all the requisite characteristics for gaining the confidence of their charges. They are more sensitive than boys, and more likely to resent being treated with neglect, feeling that others are preferred before them. It is impossible to imagine a more difficult post than that of mistress in a girls' Industrial School.

The main point to be remembered in the treatment of the juvenile offender is this: He is a criminal, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, by accident; he is not one by intention. As such, the Industrial School must be a hospital to cure the mental deformity, and a moral gymnasium to build up the feeble conscience; under no case must it be a prison. If the children are happy in their schools, they will appreciate the training given to them there, and develop a sense of honour, which will eventually make of them good and useful citizens.

In the comparatively rare cases where criminality is the direct result of heredity, one can only hope to cure the tendency to evil-doing by kindness. Where the congenital criminal finds that he is better off, more happy, and more honoured by pursuing an honest course, his animal instincts, his pride—always a marked factor in the product of criminal parents—will prevent him, to a certain extent, from going astray.

More complete studies into the working of the juvenile mind and into the causes of juvenile criminality may, in future years, lead our authorities to devise a perfected plan of treating the youthful scamp; but, till that is done, the Industrial School, worked on the lines which we have indicated, is the best solution of the problem. The expense is very little, and the saving to the nation in the long run is enormous, for every habitual criminal costs the ratepayers considerably over a hundred pounds, even if he is only convicted a few times.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

JUSTICES of the Peace were first instituted in 1344, and their power was enlarged in 1590.

PENANCE was first inflicted as a punishment, 157. The custom of enslaving prisoners of war was totally abolished in the thirteenth century.

PENAL laws were enacted about 1381, in consequence of tenants throwing off their services to their lords, which occasioned the insurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, who set fire to the jury courts, and the opposition to John o' Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

CROSS.—We intend publishing it shortly.

ANNAN.—Not in our line; try elsewhere.

Z W.—Sir John Bridge resigned August 14, 1899.

ALFRED.—It will appear in FAMOUS FIGHTS in a few weeks.

X Y.—Calcraft was born in 1800 and died December 13, 1879.

SHEEP.—Jack Sheppard was hanged at Tyburn, November 16, 1724.

RIX.—You must wait till we tell the story of the crime. It will appear shortly.

DISTRESS.—You can always rely on us for correct dates. Anne Chapman was executed at the Old Bailey in 1829 for the murder of her child.

HUMANE.—We are not so bad now. In the reign of Henry VIII. (38 years) no less than 72,000 criminals were executed.

J. BATTY.—Two men of the name you give were hanged in that year—one for forgery and the other for sheep-stealing. Just wait a bit and you'll have your fill of horrors. Sometimes a culprit took twenty minutes to die on the scaffold.

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